

# FRINGE VARE REVIEW

## CHAOS SPIRITUALITY

*featuring original works by:*

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*and more... edited by:*

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What is FRINGEWARE?!

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details  
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welcome...










# Spiritual Chaos?

by Erik Davis  
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Chaos stirs. Its fragment signs, guttural moans, and millinery filigrees are everywhere: in the collapsing nation-state, in the ferocious world market, in the damaged matrix of the biosphere, in your communications devices, and even in the plain old ordinary sense that nothing is plain, old, or ordinary any more.

Paradoxically, it was science, that last bastion of reason and order, that planted chaos anew in our heads. The new field (actually, a set of related and overlapping interdisciplinary fields) arrived with revolutionary fervor. Chaos science glimpsed the shadow of an abstract dance within apparently random turbulence, a movement in virtual phase space which sketched the flux of dripping faucets, heartbeats, and smoke. Suggesting the infinitely nested grooves of nature, fr---ls like the Mandelbrot set revealed a realm of mathematical objects which were both holistic and perpetually fractured. Kinda like us. Indeed, some of us recognized these Paisley arabesques from our most intimate forays into psychedelic chaos, and brazenly claimed them as sigils of the endlessly exfoliating plateaus of chemical wisdom. The florid rainbow colours that the PhDs used to represent the widely disparate behaviors of numbers in computer-generated fr---l sets were just a tie-dyed bonus.





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FRINGE WAKE REVIEW  
10.4

As the engines of postmodern perception, computers not only helped birth the new science, but produced a fundamental mutation in scientific style: away from reductionist and strictly causal explanations toward global modeling, experimental mathematics, and large-scale simulations of complex systems. Chaos thus allowed a careful reintroduction of the intuitions that had guided vitalists and other entelechy geeks for centuries as they waged a losing battle against mechanism and tight-assed reductionism. Everything became a complex system, a dissipative structure, manifesting the subtle magic of emergence: population dynamics, planetary orbits, the beloved marketplace, your brain. A digital whiff of spirit.

Many of us outside the labs fell in love with emergent behavior as well, and found our lover everywhere. A small publishing industry was born in the wake of James Gleick's *Chaos*, and chaos threatened to usurp quantum physics as the science of choice for speculative acid rambblers and mystical pseudo-scientists everywhere. Rationalists rightly cringed, but those of us who spelunker the spongy clefts between the brain's left/right hemispheres just smiled and drank it in.

A few dullards insisted that all this pop cult hoopla would have been nipped in the bud if James Yorke had followed the advice of more sober colleagues in 1975 and not named the curious mathematical behavior he had discovered after Hesiod's Goddess of the watery void. After all, chaos means disorder, and chaos science concerned itself with *determinist* disorder—that is, disorder according to plan. This is science after all, which, for all its visions and machines and mathematical monsters, still boils down to control.

But if we let ourselves fall backwards through that watery void of myth, a bungee jump into the ravenous dark, we find that the question of whether chaos is order or disorder, an amorphous horror or a secret informing structure, lies at the very beginnings of culture. When humans first found themselves encased inside a fabricated world-view somehow set apart from the buzzing matrix of nature, they took a number of very different mythic snapshots of the bountiful chaos they were leaving behind.

Ancient Mesopotamia provides our first polaroid. In the *Enuma elish*, Marduk, the patron hero of the ascendant city-state of Babylon, kills Tiamat, the old goddess of primal chaos. With her corpse he arranges the heavens, fixing the stars and constellations. Then he proclaims himself king and creates humans so the gods don't have to work anymore. Marduk represents the phallic thrust of the emergent State, with its grid-works and scripts, monarch worship and freshly-chiseled tablets of divine Law. From this point on, the State would demonize the ancient matrix

from which it emerged, and which always threatens to engulf it again in waves of atavism and anarchy.

Babylonians, Egyptians, and Greeks all acknowledged the primal dragon of Chaos even as the gods of their civilizations felt compelled to tame and organize the beast. Christianity tried to erase the goddess altogether. That is why the Church decided that God created the world *ex nihilo*, from nothing at all. But you can still smell the briny spew of the primal goddess in the formless, watery void that opens Genesis—a distinct echo of the older Babylonian myth.

From that point on, though, all the forces fueled by Chaos—useless inertia, frenzied turbulence, feminine magic, the primal body-without-organs—could be found only in the demonic shadows of Church and State. For today's chaos magicians, who carry on the work of Austin Osman Spare in stripping away the barnacles of book-learning from the raw heart of primal magic, the Paleolithic path lies through the outer dark. Don't be fooled by peaceful Pagan eco-feminists: Tiamat fought Marduk with venomous serpents, mad dogs, and scorpion-men, and our reborn Goddess is as much Cthulhu as Earth Mom.

The dragon of Chaos wore a far more honorable face in the East, where it was known as the Tao. For ancient sages like Chuang-Tzu, the subtle order of natural chaos was rich and bountiful compared to the bankrupt legalism and moralistic strictures of Confucian civilization—which paradoxically produced the very disorder it wanted to suppress. The Taoists felt that only by tearing down the State of things—including ordinary consciousness—could we return to the golden age, the mixed-up harmony symbolized by the wonton (which derives from Mr. Hun-tun, Chuang-Tzu's lord of chaos). If these anarchic dreams could not be realized in society—as Lao Tzu hoped to do—then at least they could be realized in the body, through spiritual and physical practices which would open up the spontaneous chaos within.

Taoism's this-worldly embrace of natural chaos fed into the buddha-killing antics and instant samadhi of Zen Buddhism, the first nondualistic Eastern path to be embraced by Western hipsters. In Beat Zen and the later "holy madness" strains of yogic nondualism, mental and moral distinctions were suspect, and the total range of mind and life were open to the tantric embrace. But while crazy gurus like Chogyam Trungpa and Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh wrote mind-blasting works of chaos wisdom, the communities that grew around them often degenerated into manipulative and authoritarian hippie bums.

Around the same time, the avant-garde freaks of the psychedelic counterculture scoured through the world's wisdom traditions while making mincemeat of all



received truths. Rather than disguise the half-baked absurdity of trying to discover spiritual truths in the age of Saran-Wrap, space flights, and macramé, a few freaks began to proclaim that the whole glorious postmodern mess was itself the goofball revelation. The *Principia Discordia*, the *Illuminatus!* trilogy, and Dr. Tim's inspired starseed technovisions all laid down this eclectic, hilarious, and skeptical anti-doctrine of bohemian chaos. This spiritual style went on to influence the Church of the Subgenius, the Pagan hardwiring of fringe computer culture, and today's more focused and informed shamanic revival.

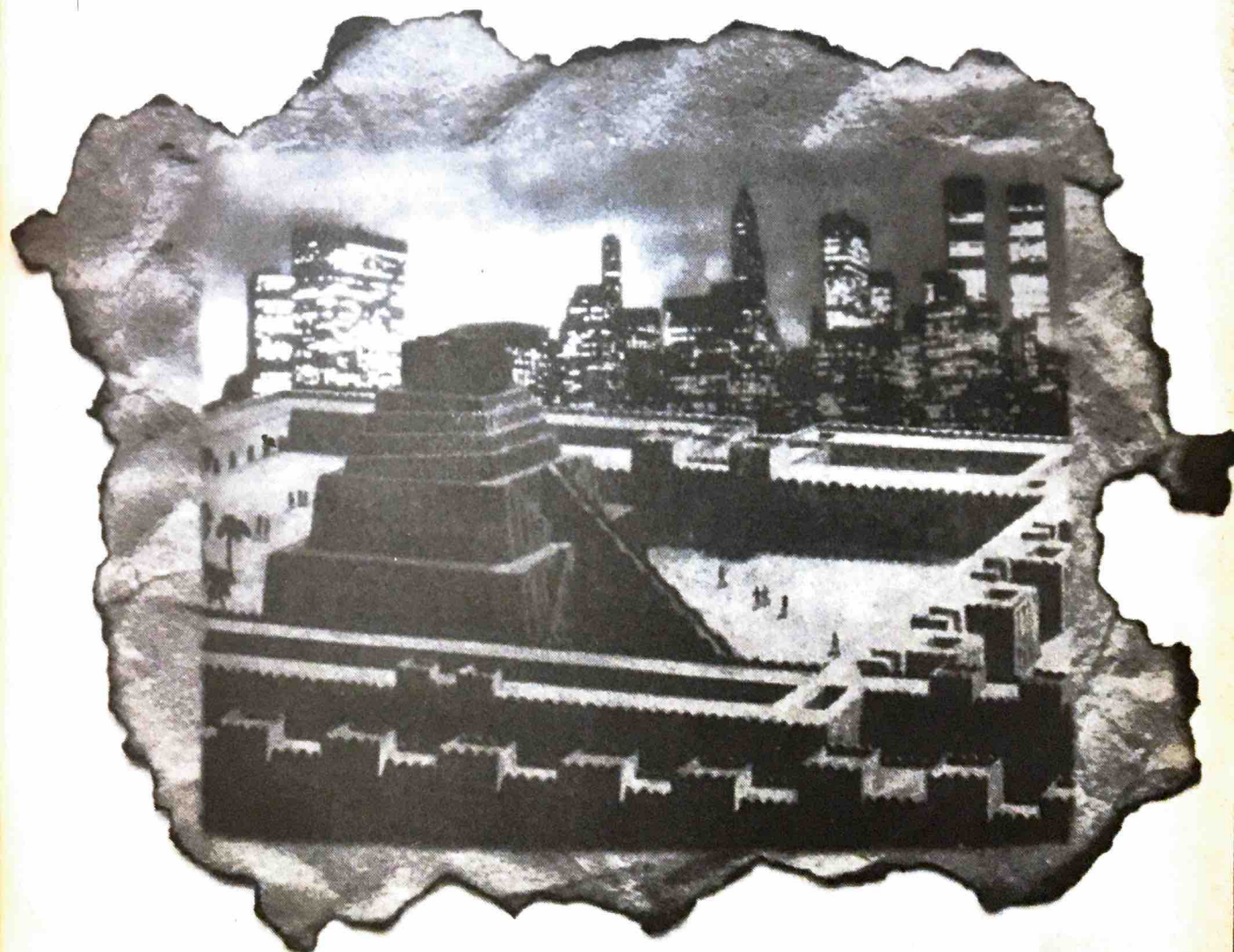
Chaos has many faces, but they are all masks, and it is we who have fashioned them—as Chuang Tzu reminds us

with a famous tale. The emperors Shu (Brief) and Hu (Sudden) wanted to repay the kindness of Mr. Hun-tun (Chaos), and they realized that while everyone else has openings in order to see, hear, eat (and presumably shit), Hun-tun had none. So they bored holes into him, organized his face—his organless body—and so he died. The rants, jokes, revelations, and critiques you're about to read don't want to believe that ending. Instead, they dance around Mr. Hun-tun's scatter-shot holes, or map them, or just dive right in, where they just might find the dragon alive and well and ready to return.



When above  
unnamed was the  
heaven, the earth  
below by a name  
was uncalled, the  
primeval deep was  
their begetter, the  
chaos of Tiamat  
was the mother of  
them all.

—Enuma elish





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# Stochastic Resonance Recipes for Ritual Noise

by Spiro(s) Antonopoulos  
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Noise. The ambient gremlin of information theory. Distorter of messages. Ir-rational. Non-sensical. Unreasonable. Think of television snow, tenth-generation xeroxes, street sounds, junk mail, or the ceaseless accruing of dirt, dust and cobwebs. Noise bathes us constantly, but we strive to live in a Dolby® world, filtering out the snakelike hisses and the snap crackle pops. It's futile. Noise constantly knocks upon our doors and yet we often refuse its messy message, its stochastic message.

Traditional ritual technology provides devices freed from noise and dirt: a perfect circle, pure temple, or platonic ideals like "true will", "higher self" and "good" or "evil"—ideas that don't get dirty. Absolutes that don't rust, that remain free from dust, decay, and the vagaries of weather. But in science, non-linear dynamics have shattered the isolated test-tubes and exclusive palaces of closed systems in favor of complex noisy systems far from equilibrium. The nuances of the natural world, the marketplace, and the brain are the new playgrounds and laboratories. (True, these are often studied through computer models, but as Jean Beaudrillard points out and the Internet ex/imp-losion dictates, our real life and our simulations are thoroughly con-fused.) So perhaps we can appropriate from the hip-hop of science for our own chaotic revisions of ritual technology. Rather than hole up in spiritual vacuum tubes, let's crank up our tube distortion and study our experience.

One of the more exciting buzz-concepts brewing at the Santa Fe Institute (home to the folks who helped bring you the dizzying, if over-hyped, ideas of complexity, artificial life, increasing returns, and chaos) is that of stochastic resonance. Here "coloured noise", akin to traditional white noise but filtered or boosted at certain frequencies, is added to an already noisy system in an effort to create a resonance whereby some message, signal, or order may be discerned. When the additional noise is removed, the mes-

sage dissipates. The US Navy™ is interested in this technology for eavesdropping and unscrambling communications within the murky ocean depths, while neuroscientists explore how our brain creatively takes advantage of these techniques in the production of new and unique signals. Complexity scientists study the effect of stochastic resonance, even in small doses, upon the behavior and dynamics of crowds and swarms.

A classic, though simplistic, example of stochastic resonance is to pretend that you're in a room with a voice-activated tape player. To hear the message on the tape, you must make noise. When you stop your noise-making, the message also stops. This demonstrates the use of stochastic resonance in discerning an incomprehensible signal or message which already exists within the system. But stochastic resonance can also create *messages*, since the added noise may catalyze the production of novel intelligible fluctuations.

Stochastic resonance tickles my surrealist anarcho-dada sensibilities; it creates a cool twist on the age-old æsthetic of making noise and nonsense just to spit in the face of reason. I'm not trying to validate this matured juvenility by welding it to the linear and deterministic ends of a new "message". But the "signals" collected from noise can be just as curious and non-linear as noise itself.

In a ritual setting, there are several ways to use noise, bring the noise, surf the noise, and all that jazz. Marshall McLuhan blatantly toyed with the con-fusion between message and massage, and sometimes I picture stochastic ritual forces massaging me with a huge foamy amalgam of those cartoon scrubby bubbles with itty-bitty bristles that clean bathtubs and toilet bowls so well on tv. The noise is that scrubby action, noise as process—minus the end-product of a clean toilet (though perhaps leading to a good bowel movement). So here are a few ritual recipes which I've been toying with...



Make a joyful  
noise unto God,  
all ye lands.

—Psalms 66:1

Thou shalt be vis-  
ited of the Lord of  
hosts with thun-  
der, and with  
earthquake, and  
great noise, with  
storm and tem-  
pest, and the  
flame of devour-  
ing fire.

—Isaiah 29:6

See a cliff, jump  
off.

—TOPI proverb

## glossolalia

Gibberish is very deep. Alone or in a crowd, close your eyes and begin to say, hum, sing, or vibrate nonsense sounds. For 10 minutes or so, vocalize whatever noise you can muster: sounds hisses giggles burps words buzzes hums...whatever. Follow every chaotic whim or urge, allowing yourself to vocally express everything that comes to mind or that has been suppressed by rationality and inhibitions. Imagine that these sounds are verbal X-Lax™ for all your psychic shit, or picture the sounds as a mystical toothbrush feverishly freshening your psyche's breath.

Traditional mantra technologies attempt to bore you psilly into trance; not only are they tedious, but they're fucking difficult work. But I find inspired gibberish to be extremely fun, cathartic, and invigorating. When you're really grooving on the chaotic and whimsical vocal insanity spilling forth, you may find that your mind wanders a lot less than in your forays with traditional silent and still meditations. Furthermore, you can imagine that another voice/entity is speaking through you, a level known as "Speaking in Tongues" or *Devavani*. Here the cleansing and emetic aspects of gibberish give way to a divinely creative act of "channeling". Spiritual Turret's Syndrome. Dig it.

## rajneesh's chaotic meditations

While entrenched within your glossolalia session, try to wiggle move stretch jump fall jerk spasm fart undulate. Now try whirling about. All these are loosely based on Sufi techniques, and serve as excellent variations on what Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh calls dynamic, or chaotic meditation. Raj usually employed this technique in five phases: (1)ten minutes of deep, fast, chaotic breathing through the nose, as fast as possible, without stopping, while moving around as the body desires; (2)ten minutes of letting go, grooving on the energy just created, without suppressing any laughing weeping moaning chillin'; (3)ten minutes of shouting, either a mantra (Raj suggests "hooo") or gibberish, with your hands above your head, while jumping up and down, landing hard, and making a big noise that resonates through the body and exhausts it; (4)chill out for another ten minutes, frozen in your final position from the previous phase; (5)dance.

## swarms and stochastic ritual construction

Most models for group ritual are hierarchically organized to represent or parallel famous cosmic organ-izers like the kabbalah, the enneagon or the chakras. Nonlinear dynamics and Artificial Life offer some novel models for ritual (dis)organization. One example is the Swarm, a popular A-Life metaphor based upon the organizational patterns of

social insects and commonly applied to the simulation of any complex system. These swarms have three basic elements: (1)a collection of agents that move about randomly in (2)an environment which evolves according to its own dynamics and (3)a behavioral coupling between these two elements which specifies how the agents move in response to the environment, and how agents change the environment by their actions.

The logic of swarms can introduce a liquid and noisy dynamic to group meditations. For example, each person in your ritual posse is an "agent" swarming and buzzing around randomly (item#1). Perhaps you're in a moonlit field at night deeply entranced within a chaotic meditation like glossolalia. The environment of the moonlight field evolves through the night as the moon moves across the sky and as the crickets sing (item#2). The behavioral coupling between the agents and their environment (item#3) can involve harmonizing with the crickets, and/or adopting (i.e., adding) a series of IF-THEN parameters to steer the energy, focus the noise or add to the confusion. These IF-THEN's could evolve intuitively as the stochastic group mind makes non-verbal decisions spontaneously. Or they could be predetermined, e.g., if somebody bumps into a tree, then the entire swarm climbs the tree and hums receptively into the sky. There are exciting possibilities for geomancy using this technique. Another interesting swarm variation is "flocking". Here the coupling factor involves a subtle tendency to migrate towards the middle of the swarm while randomly scouring the environment. This prevents the swarm from becoming too dispersed and produces an excellent roaming group mind.

## spaceship merkabah

Using your active imagination, perhaps potentiated by psychedelics or computer modeling, build yourself a little astral surfboard or flying carpet you can hang-ten on through the turbulent and noisy chaotic tides of psycho-active adventure. A similar magickal technology seems to have been employed by second-century rabbis in a Jewish mystical tradition which involves "ascension" through the "Celestial Palaces" via a Chariot, or Throne of God, called the *Merkabah*. During their ascensions, rabbis would surf the frightening and ecstatic and utterly apocalyptic astral terrain of their second-century heavenly phase space, and often died or were driven insane trying.

These days, building our own customized, groovy, astral-cruising chariot can help us deal with the turbulent terror and ecstatic apocalypse of the psychosphere. Such nomadic thrones provide us with a small space wherein we can exercise some control when traveling the foamy noisy wonderlands. Today those rabbis might drive spaceships with interiors decked out like lowrider Chevrolets®.



My merkabah is fairly malleable. It's shaped like a flying saucer minus the bubble top, with an opening not unlike that of a shoe. It has 108 tassels dangling from the perimeter, and is made of a clay-like silly putty substance that often looks like television snow or like the weaves in an Afghani rug. I sit in the middle, slightly reclined, with 360° rotation and sometimes a Mai Tai at my side, with an umbrella and a big bendable straw (it's actually not often such smooth sailing, but the image of the beverage builds confidence). All along the lip of the opening where the stereotypical spaceship bubble would be lies the dashboard, which basically looks like wads of Play-Doh™ or bubble-gum that are texture-mapped with that Afghani tv snow and are completely moldable into whatever devices that I may need for my journey. The entire craft can shapeshift like the TerminatorII. And it's powered by noise. For your own spaceship merkabah, any design will do. Just design it well, because it just may get knocked around quite a bit out there.

The chaotic, spongy, shifting quicksands in these post-post-modern times provide no handlebars or scaffolding to hang onto. The above techniques can provide some of the insights and energy of classic meditations while also allowing us to begin to feel

some comfort, relaxation, confidence, and security within today's turbulence—and may even help us sculpt and sway it.

The noise of life, its dropout, wow, and flutter, don't just represent an annoying decay of message and signal that prefigures death. Since all things eventually wither into fuzzy amorphia, perhaps noise is the very essence, the *prima materia*, of message and signal. Like organic decay, noise fertilizes the future. Amidst its resonant fields blooms a garden of beautiful naked nonsense lying just beyond the black iron prison of reason. Noise corrodes certainty and evades expectation. It dances on the heads of mystics and screams in so-called silence. It is the beautiful curse upon the mundane by the marvelous. The fact that you cannot escape noise may just be a hint to invite it home for breakfast.



### alt.chaos.top-shelf.erik mentions the following items for your Mind's Eye's pleasure:

- Hakim Bey, T.A.Z. (Autonomedia)
- Peter Lamborn Wilson, Sacred Drift (City Lights)
- Chogyam Trungpa, Crazy Wisdom [or just about anything] (Shamballah)
- N.J. Girardot, Myth and Meaning in Early Taoism (U California Press)
- Kerry Thornley, Zenarchy (IllumiNet Press)
- Chuang-Tse, translated by Burton Watson (Columbia U)
- Robert Pelton, The Trickster in West Africa (U California Press)
- Norman Cohn, The Pursuit of the Millennium (Oxford U Press)
- Austin Osman Spare, From the Inferno to Zos (First Impressions)
- Peter Carroll, Liber Null & Psychonaut (Weiser)

### alt.chaos.top-shelf.spiro(s) likewise proffers these Well-Balanced, Wholesome Tasty Morsels™:

- Ilya Prigogine and Isabelle Stengers, Order Out of Chaos (Bantam)
- Stephen Kellert, In the Wake of Chaos (U Chicago)
- James Gleick, Chaos (Penguin)
- N. Katherine Hayles, editor, Chaos and Order: Complex Dynamics in Literature and Science (U Chicago)
- Ralph Abraham and Christopher Shaw, Dynamics: The Geometry of Behavior (Aerial)
- Michel Serres, The Parasite (John Hopkins Press)
- Gilles Deleuze & Felix Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus (U Minnesota Press)
- Phil Hine, Condensed Chaos (New Falcon Press)
- Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, Meditation: The Art of Ecstasy (Perennial Library, Harper & Row)
- Terence McKenna, Rupert Sheldrake, Ralph Abraham, Metamorphosis: A Dialogue on Chaos and the World Soul (Mystic Fire Video)

When you realize that all phenomenon are as unstable as the air, they lose their power to fascinate and bind you.

—Padmasambhava



# Spontaneous Shrines

by Jennifer Dumpert <jennifer@violet.berkeley.edu>

The shrine is in a cave high in the rock cliff face along the highway. There's a long flight of stairs up to a metal grate that swings open with an ancient, rusty squeak. A plaque on the rock over the entrance informs the visitor that this is the Telles Family shrine, dedicated in 1941 by Juan and Juanita Telles, who promised to establish the shrine to insure their son's safe return from the war. Today I counted forty votive candles, mostly Mary and Jesus, stuffed inside the tiny 4x4' cave, along with a large ceramic statue of Jesus that was seriously weathered (there were chunks missing and layers of soot in places), a smaller ceramic statue of Mary, many photos placed on natural rock shelves along the walls, prayers written out on cards, on pieces of paper, on sheets of kleenex. A curious ceramic monk-looking doll, with pieces missing, laid on a cloth in a glass, coffin-like box, and there were rosaries and devotional picture cards. Most impressive, however, was a spot on a rock by the door where people had obviously been placing candles for many years—it was a mound of candle wax over a foot high, multi-coloured drippings of hundreds and hundreds of candles, the dribble-patterned residue of fifty years of worship.

Five years ago, in late February, I spent a night in this shrine. It was much more chaotic then, with matches strewn around and the charred ends of incense sticks stuck in the walls and far more notes and bric-a-brac on the floor. The night I stayed there, I went to the shrine as the sun was setting. It was cold and strange, sitting alone there once the sun had gone down, but the fires from the candles kept the cave warm. I sat and looked at the photos and wondered who everyone was; I burned incense steadily throughout the night; I said Hail Marys, a prayer I had just learned, and read the *Gospel of Matthew* from a Gideon which someone had left behind stuck in the soft fragrant wax that covered the ground, then I dozed, moving in and out of a state of semi-consciousness as the sun rose.

I'm fascinated with how this shrine, obviously visited frequently and still used daily, must have become active. There were no edicts, no sanctifying rituals, no effort on the part of a religious institution to establish a place of worship. It just arose because someone started it, with a genuine fervor, and others took it up.

Just before I moved away from New York last winter, Pearl died. She had been living in a refrigerator box across the street for the entire five years I lived there. Pearl was a junky and she had AIDS and a lot of the time she was pretty out of it, but we always said hello and when she was straight enough we'd talk for a while. I gave her stuff sometimes, when I cleaned out my closet or decided I didn't really have need of a thing. She kept me up to date on the street gossip and gave me the lowdown on my neighbours—who fought at night, who came and went strangely in the middle of the night, how people's dogs were faring, who was rude to her and who wasn't. She had quite the set-up there, for a refrigerator box. It had plastic tarps all around the outside and blankets all around the inside for weather proofing. She had a battery-operated light, and a broom leaning against the wall that she used to sweep the sidewalk around her box or battle the blizzards when she was in danger of becoming a drift.

One day last winter, Pearl disappeared. Merlin, who lived on the street next to her in another box for a few years, but who had since moved around the corner to a well-populated crash spot for the homeless along the wall of the ConEdison building at 6th Street and Avenue A, told me she had been taken away in an ambulance. A week later there was a small handwritten sign left where her box had been (someone had removed the box) that said she had died.

Pearl was a neighbour for several years. It was strange that she would just die and there's a sign and that's it. I went and stood at the spot a few times that day and felt

Jennifer Dumpert  
dodges Christians  
at Berkeley's  
Graduate  
Theological  
Union.

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very unsettled. Then I decided to burn a votive candle there, a white candle with no image. I left it around sunset and felt a bit better. Around ten that evening it occurred to me to look out the window to see if my candle was still there. It was a saleable item and I wondered if some other homeless person had pinched it to add to the pile of knick-knacks s/he sold on Avenue A. I looked and, not only was my candle still there, but other people had added candles of their own. By midnight there were at least a dozen candles burning. Over the next four or five days, the shrine grew. People drew pictures and put them on the wall, left jewelry and food, flowers and brightly coloured cloth and ribbons. A guy came and played the flute by the shrine. Several times, I stopped to look at it. Other people—neighbours, people who lived on the street—stopped too. We would tell stories about Pearl. Through my window I saw many other such meetings of people—the regular dog-walkers and roller bladers and kids and punks and the

old women and the mothers. Five days later the shrine was gone, presumably cleared away by ConEdison, whose wall it was against. It had served its purpose. I wonder, though, what might have happened if they'd left it there, whether it would have just died away on its own or whether it would have taken on a different character: an urban shrine, a street shrine, a community, non-denominational shrine.

So I sat in the Telles Family Shrine that came to be in this cave off the side of the highway and I thought about that other night five years ago and I thought about Pearl and I burned some incense and lit all the candles that had gone out and put a little statue of Saint Anthony amongst the chaos in a shrine that arose almost of its own accord and then some tourists came so I bowed myself out of the cave and left.



No spiritual facts  
True worship is slack  
The form of formlessness  
is the small of a woman's back.  
—graffito, Berkeley CA









# AIMLESS WANDERING:

## Chuang Tzu's Chaos Linguistics

by Hakim Bey

<http://www.uio.no/~mwatz/bey/>

The bait is the means to get the fish where you want it, catch the fish and you forget the bait. The snare is the means to get the rabbit where you want it, catch the rabbit and forget the snare. Words are the means to get the idea where you want it, catch on to the idea and you forget about the words. Where shall I find a man who forgets about words, and have a word with him?

—Chuang Tzu

Does Taoism have a "metaphysics"?

Certainly later Taoism, influenced by Buddhism and Neo-Confucianism, developed elaborate cosmology, ontology, theology, teleology, and eschatology—but can these "medieval accretions" be read back into the classic texts, the *Tao Te Ching*, the *Chuang Tzu*, or the *Lieh Tzu*?

Well, yes and no. Religious Taoism certainly established such a back-reading. But, as J. Needham pointed out, the Maoists of our century were able to evolve a Marxist reading of Taoism, or at least of the *Tao Te Ching*. No doubt any reading of a "spiritual" text may have some validity (since the spirit is by definition indefinable); the *Tao Te Ching* has proved especially malleable.

But Chuang Tzu not only has no metaphysics, he actually condemns and derides metaphysics. Supernaturalism and materialism both appear equally funny to him. His only cosmogonic principle is "chaos". Oddly enough the only philosophical tool he uses is logic—although it is the logic of dream. He makes no mention of divine principle, of the purpose of being, or personal immortality. He is beyond Good and Evil, sneers at ethics, and even makes fun of yoga.

The *Chuang Tzu* must surely be unique amongst all religious scripture for its remarkable ANTI-metaphysics. It qualifies as "revelation" not because it unveils hidden knowledge from "outside" the self—as other scriptures claim to do—but because it transmits a sure way to "spiritual realization", SELF-realization, in this lifetime, in this body, in this daily life. If this way or method can be summed up in one word, one might say *spontaneity*; and if this term were to be "defined", one might mention the phrase *wei wu wei*, "action/non-action".

The universe comes into being spontaneously; as Kuo Hsiang points out, the search for a "lord" (or *agens*) of this creation is an exercise in infinite regress toward emptiness. The Tao is not "God", as some Christian translators still believe. The Tao just *happens*. On the human scale misery arises solely from the uniquely human ability to fall out of harmony with this Tao—to not be spontaneous.

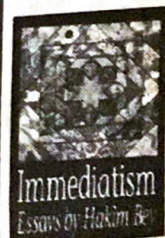
Chuang Tzu has no interest in why humans are so inept (no concept of "sin"); his only concern is to reverse the process and "return" to the flow. The "return" is an action; the flow itself is not an action but a state—hence the paradox "action/non-action". The concept *wu wei* plays such a central role in Taoism that it survives even in modern religious Taoism as the truth BEHIND all metaphysics and ritual. In the great expiatory and communal rites of cultic Taoism as practiced in Taiwan or Honolulu today, at least one person—the priest—must attain union with the Tao, and must do so by a process of voiding his consciousness of all "dieties", all metaphysical principles. As for so-called ancient "philosophical" Taoism, we might say that it has *wu wei* instead of a metaphysics.

Lao Tzu's goal seems to have been the conversion of the Emperor to Taoism, on the assumption that if the rule does nothing (*wu wei*) the empire will run itself spontaneously. Chuang Tzu however shows almost no interest in advising rulers (except to leave him alone!), and his examples of "real humans" are almost always workmen (butchers, cobblers, cooks), or drop-out hermits, or bandits. If Chuang Tzu can be said to advocate a social program—and I'm not sure he does—it certainly has nothing to do with any imperial/bureaucratic/Confucian values or structures. His "program" could be summed up in the phrase AIMLESS WANDERING.

Chuang Tzu is more anarchistic than Lao Tzu—but is he an "anarchist"? I think yes—not because he wants to overthrow the government, but because he believes government impossible; not because he would ever sink so low as to espouse an "ism", but because he sees chaos as the essence of all becoming.

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You don't know  
who Hakim Bey  
is...and yet you  
feel strangely  
compelled to  
surround yourself  
within his  
literature.





To illustrate this chaos-ontology we could do worse than investigate Chuang Tzu's take on language.

But first let me define a few terms. I call *hermetalinguistics* the concept that God revealed language and that there exists such a thing as the conveyance of essence through language. This conveyance can be direct (Hebrew and Arabic are languages "spoken" by God) or emanational, as in Neoplatonic linguistics. It can be "hermetic" (or occult, as in Kabbala), or even meta-linguistic (as in religious *glossolalia*, the "charism of tongues")—but in either case it saves language from utter relativity and opacity.

Against this traditional theory of language we moderns have developed a *nihilistic linguistics* in which words convey nothing of essence and in fact do not really communicate anything except language itself. I trace this current to Nietzsche, to Saussure and his nightmarish experience with the Latin anagrams, and eventually to dada.

A leading exponent of hermetalinguistics today (oddly enough) is Noam Chomsky, who (despite his anarchism) believes that language is somehow wired in, although he substitutes DNA for the Platonic archetypes! Whom might we pick as a leading exponent of nihilistic linguistics? How about William Burroughs? (In his honour we might call it "heavymetalinguistics".) Much as I admire the aesthetics of both schools I can "agree" with neither. I find myself wishing (as a "spiritual anarchist") for some language theory which might "save" language from the charge of mere re-presentationalism and alienation. However, I want a theory without teleological excrescences—no "lord" of language, no categorical imperatives, no determinism, no revelation from "outside" or "above", no genetic coding, no absolute essence. I find it in two places, one "ancient" nicely balanced against one "modern"—Chuang Tzu, and Chaos Theory.

In part our language troubles arise from the absolute quality assigned to the Word in all western hermetalinguistic traditions. Although some western mystics already express distrust of human words, they can never—on pain of heterodoxy—question the integrity or finality of God's Word. All western religious thought is based on a sort of sacred nominalism which goes unquestioned till "heresy" calls it momentarily into debate. "Orthodoxy" crushes the rebellion against the Word in its own ranks, while the war against the Word becomes an underground guerilla campaign carried out primarily within literature, in criticism, and in linguistics—against "religion".

We might learn something useful for our search by looking at a spiritual tradition which begins with a distrust of words and yet still manages to make language perform in a magical way. Taoism supplies us with precisely such a radical tradition. "The Tao which can be spoken is not the

Tao," begins Lao Tzu. Why then did he write the book at all? Why not stick to the silence where all language eventually vanishes, right from the start? One might answer that such a project would amount to precisely the sort of refusal to go with the flow which Taoism most despises. Humans talk, so Taoists talk. This answer might suffice—but a much more interesting response is given by Chuang Tzu.

"Saying is not blowing breath, saying says something," Chuang Tzu asserts—but "the only trouble is that what it says is never fixed. Do we really say something? Or have we never said anything?"

Finally this question must remain unanswered, since Chuang Tzu's uncompromising perspectivalism and linguistic relativism make any categorical attempt to distinguish between "It" and "Other" an act of futility. As the translator (A.C. Graham) points out, for Chuang Tzu "all disputation starts from arbitrary acts of naming". Nevertheless, "saying says something" rather than nothing. Language is at once totally "arbitrary" and yet capable of meaning. Otherwise the Taoist would indeed fall silent.

A writer of the School of Chuang Tzu discusses what he calls "ward and sector words", by which he means the sorting and classifying functions of language. (The metaphor refers to the wards and sectors of the grid-arrangement of Chinese cities; it's worth noting that the very earliest cities, such as Jericho and Catal Huyuk, were laid out on strict grid-lines.) This aspect of language is not "the Way", and at worst can become a "chopping to bits and disputing over alternatives". But it is also not not-the-Way. Some paradoxical stance between saying and not-saying is called for, because "the man who perceives the Way does not pursue [names] to where they vanish or explore the source from which they arise," for "this is the point where discussion stops." "There IS a name," but also "there is NO name."

Chuang Tzu distinguishes three kinds of speech. An appended commentary by one of the original editors of the book asserts that all three kinds are used by Chuang Tzu himself.

First there is *saying from a lodging-place*. Inasmuch as language is arbitrary one may occupy any position or use any definitions to expound the Way. The old editor says Chuang Tzu thought this kind of verbal situationism broadened the scope or "widened the range", ie. that it could be used to open up ordinary mind to the non-ordinary and meta-verbal Tao. In fact, it works "nine times out of ten," says Chuang Tzu. "Weighted saying works seven times out of ten"—this is the aphorism, the statement made on authority, spoken from a position "ahead of others". Both *lodging-place* and *weighted* language would appear to belong to the category of ward-and-sector



words. Chuang Tzu's third category clearly interests him the most, since he describes it at the greatest length. He calls it *Spillover saying*, and comments that it "is new everyday. Smooth it out on the whetstone of Heaven. Use it to go by and let the stream find its own channels."

Since language is arbitrary, and the sage knows it, he (or she—for many Taoists were women, including Lao Tzu's legendary teacher) knows that "in saying he says nothing". And yet paradoxically by knowing this and in fact by "refusing to say", the sage "says without saying" and "refuses to say without ever failing to say". How can this be?

When Chuang Tzu says that "the myriad things [i.e., the signifieds] are all the seed from which they grow," I assume that "they" refers to words, to signs, and that he does assert some link between the two categories, despite his (paradoxical) counter-assertion that no such connection can be found. The connection cannot be found (expressed in words) because in unlike shapes they abdicate in turn, with ends and starts as in a ring.

That is, "things" themselves are ontologically fluid and protean, unfixed. If you mark a wheel and then spin it, none grasps where to mark the grades, and all becomes a blur. As for this flux-state of sign and signified, call it the Potter's Wheel of Heaven or "the whetstone of Heaven" on which the sage is advised to "smooth out" or polish his speech. Without this understanding, "who could ever keep going for long?" What decent Taoist could ever speak at all, much less meaningfully? But because language, by this understanding, becomes "new every day", the sage is finally not stunned or stultified by the arbitrariness and relativity of language, by its *failure*, but is refreshed and revived by its *freedom*.

The most important clue to understanding this teaching about language is in the image "Spillover". Graham says it refers to a vessel which tips over when filled to the brim, then rights itself, like one of those little oriental dolls which are legless and weighted at the bottom, so that they always pop back up when you try to knock them over. These dolls by the way are shaped like gourds and were probably originally made from gourds. The gourd is a symbol of Chaos, "Mr. Hun-T'un", described in the famous final passage of the Inner Chapters. Could the original "Spillover" vessel also have been a gourd, and thus associated in Chuang Tzu's mind with Chaos? In Chinese myth Chaos is not a figure of Evil (as in most western mythology), but is instead full of potential, benevolent if somewhat eerie, the ultimate force and source of all creation. From Chaos comes the "myriad things", like the seeds in a gourd or the chopped-up goodies in a won-ton (*hung-t'un*), or the water in a spillover-vessel which flows out, letting each stream find its own

channel, fertilizing the earth, bringing everything into becoming.

The vessel could refer to the Sage, who spontaneously "overflows" with illumined words. The words find their meanings (channels) spontaneously, according to the language-state of the listener, the reader. And then spontaneously the Sage pops upright and is filled again, and each day overflows again. A chaotic process—but one from which meaning comes into being. Moreover, one can become practiced at this conjuring act, polished, "smooth".

The vessel could refer not only to the sage but even more to the words themselves. A word, which in itself is arbitrary and meaningless, spontaneously fills up and overflows with meaning. The meaning is not fixed, but it is not mere "blowing breath", nor just a semantic raspberry, bllllatttt. The vessel fills up and empties again and again—same vessel, but potentially a new meaning each day. So the word contains *more* meaning than it appears to nominate or denominate. There is something more, something extra in the word. There are words beneath (or upon) the words, which flow out spontaneously and find their channels, their expression, their use in a given situation. "Taoist Poetics".

Thus, beginning with total linguistic relativism, Chuang Tzu ends with a sort of metalinguistics. Spillover words do not ward and sector, they PLAY. They contain more than they contain. Like the famous cleaver which never needs sharpening because the Taoist butcher can pass it *between* all tendons and joints, the Spillover word "finds its proper channel". The sage does not become trapped in semantics, does not mistake map for territory, but rather "opens things up to the light of Heaven" by flowing with the words, by playing with the words. Once attuned to this flow, the sage need make no special effort to "illumine", for language DOES IT by itself, spontaneously. Language *spills over*.

Now, recall that when Saussure was studying the Latin anagrams, he found that the key words of the poems spilled over into other words. For example, syllables of character's names were echoed in words describing those characters. At first the founder of modern linguistic considered these anagrams as conscious literary devices. However, little by little it became apparent that such a "reading" would not hold. Saussure began to find anagrammatic spillovers everywhere he looked—not only in ALL Latin poetry, but even in prose. He reached the point where he couldn't tell if he was experiencing a linguistic hallucination or a divine revelation. Anagrams everywhere! Language itself a net of jewels in which every gem reflects all others! He wrote a letter to a respected academic Latinist who had composed Latin odes—poems in which Saussure had detected anagrams.



When you use the word "chaos", it means there is no chaos, because everything is equally related—there is an extremely complex interpenetration of an unknowable number of centres.

—John Cage

I tell you: one must still have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star!

—Nietzsche

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Tell me, he begged, are you the heir to a secret tradition handed down from Classical antiquity—or are you doing it unconsciously? Needless to say, Saussure received no answer. He stopped his research abruptly with a sensation of vertigo, trembling at the abyss of pure nihilism, or pure magic, terrified by the implications of a language beyond language, beyond sign/content, *langue/parole*. He stopped, in short, precisely where Chuang Tzu begins.

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"Words are like wind and water."

—Chuang Tzu

The invisible/conceptual gourd which activates or circulates spillover language can also be compared with the strange attractor of modern chaos theory. The strange attractor is a real but non-material patterning that exists only in the action it informs. Think for example of a swirl of smoke in the air. Why doesn't the smoke simply dissipate evenly, like a mathematical gas? Why are there patterns in it? Strange attractors are "attracting" the particles of smoke into those vegetal undulations, just as planets are attracted into orbits, or cells are attracted into a lizard's ass to replace a cut-off tail. Strange attractors activate "order out of chaos" (in Ilya Prigogine's phrase). Attractors animate "random" matter into coherent shapes—but in reality the attractor only "exists" IN the material process itself. The attractor can serve not only as a model for morphogenesis but even for evolution itself. Prigogine's "creative evolution" depends neither on the blind "random mutations" of the neo-Darwinians, nor on the entelechy or vitalism of the Creationists. With chaos theory, the "Third Mind" has entered into the equation, Michel Serres' "parasite". One might coin the term "Taoist dialectics" to describe the action of this *tertium quid*, which bears so uncanny a resemblance to the Strange Attractor, the "catastrophe machine". In the yin-yang disc the lozenge of dark contains a seed of light, and vice versa; moreover the areas are not separated by the straight line of Dualism, but rather by the snaky, sinuous, and ambiguous line of dyadic movement. Western dialectics analyzes in order to synthesize, whereas Taoist dialectics begins with synthesis in order to analyze.

If words can be compared to matter (and why not, give their equally dubious ontological status?!) and "grammar" can be compared to the Strange Attractors (patterns which are "real" but only "come into existence" in the presence of words and are only "real" IN the words), then we may also compare Chuang Tzu's Spillover Linguistics with the chaos theory of such mages as Prigogine and Ralph Abraham, and launch the science (or pseudo-science) of *chaos linguistics*. This useful fiction will be born under

the sign of what Feyerabend calls "anarchist (or dada) epistemology"—a kind of anti-Method already dreamed by Chuang Tzu.

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In religious Taoism the deity of automatic or "spirit"-writing, Tzu-Ku-Shen, is also the goddess of the latrine—thus calling up the image of magical language as a kind of caca-phony or defecatory chaos which somehow manages to convey meaning (reminiscent of the paradox known to Information Theory in which "noise" can be "richer" in "information" than certain ordered codes). In time Tzu Ku came to preside over a panoply of Immortals who wielded the magic inkbrush or "flying phoenix" through human mediums. Usually women, as in western spiritualism, these mediums act as amanuensis to the spooks, and have transmitted everything from garbage to canonical scripture. (Mao Shan Taoism was founded in this way, by two mediums channeling a dead woman sage under the influence of hemp incense.) An eleventh-century author named Shen Ku describes the process under the evocative title "Dream Torrent Essays"—a sweeping away of daylight consciousness in a wave of hypnogogia.

A great deal of Taoist scripture, both Canonical and heterodox, has been produced in this way. Some of it is "found", like the tantric Tibetan "treasure"-texts (*terma*), encased in solid rock or living wood, or under water, or in other impossible places. An entire order of Tibetan treasure-finders devotes itself to the lore and discovery of such texts. Some Taoist texts are not composed in human language or writing, but in the "tadpole" or "cloud" script of the spirits. An immense amount of language has spilled over from the Cinnabar Grottos of the Immortals into our world. While vulgar materialists may content themselves with scoffing at the provenance of this huge indigestible heap of writing, we might prefer simply to marvel at the overwhelming superabundance and generosity of reality itself, a plenitude which seems to conspire with us in all our maddest japes. As Nietzsche and Bataille have suggested, the myth of scarcity is merely a means of control through immiseration, whereas the actual nature of the world is one of absolute fullness, indeed over-fullness, spilling over as constant EXCESS. In language, this over-supply of meaning proves too big to be handled by human consciousness; hence the intervention of the spirits, the "muses" and other extra-conscious sources. Taoist writing serves as a monument to the "generosity of being" or the perpetual overflow of the cornucopias Tao. At its most chaotic and ambiguous peak of expression, it "saves" language itself—both from the tyranny of any lord, and from the abyss of aloneness.





# trust.

by Scotto <scotto@fringeware.com>

Pick one loaded word, "spirituality", and apply personal experience (chaos) liberally. Although we may sometimes perceive ourselves moving through time by way of an almost narrative flow (the guiding hand of the divine), as often as not there is nothing and no one to illuminate the darkness ahead of us. When the chaos starts to simmer, spice with confusion, and if you're lucky, hope. Reality smiles when you least expect it will.

I wrote my first poem on a drug called LSD. It was New Year's Eve, and I was fleshmeeting with 30+ some friends (freaks) from around the country, nearly all of whom I had first met on the Internet. The only real way to describe that evening—indeed, the entire week of the fleshmeet—is to start with chaos (in this case, the collision of 30+ memespaces from around the country), heat slowly (spending days and nights feasting and smoking and carousing together), and watch as, miraculously, a sense of underlying Spirit emerged—not necessarily "purpose", mind you, nor anything so formalized as ritual mystical experience (though the LSD that night was potent, and the history and traditions among us were deep and strong).

An Internet mailing list, we discovered, could function as a dissipative structure, with semi-permeable boundaries allowing information and energy transfers with the outside world (Consensus Reality). The initial ingredients in this memetic attractor were metaprogramming theory and philosophies of psychedelia, but over time the focus changed such that we were interested more in each other than the topics by which we had met. We watched community arise from a stew of random yet entirely meaningful connections.

I myself was on a dark and dangerous path not so long ago. The suicide of my best friend had devastated me such that the gravity of his situation threatened to pull me into the quicksand as well—my core was beginning to self-destruct. And then I discovered in short order both LSD and the Internet. This is yet another event from which I have not yet recovered. If you had told me in advance that strangers from across the globe, some whose faces I will never see, whose breath I will never feel, could move me, could restore me, could offer me Hope... if you had told me in advance, perhaps I could have saved Gary. Perhaps...

I don't understand what's happened to me. "Synchronicity" isn't adequate, yet "purpose" is too dense and impenetrable. The Spirit, though, of our shared journey through time (til next New Year's Eve at least) is undeniable. Our strength is that we intended nothing so grandiose at the start, our community best modelled as a severely mystical self-organizing system, beginning with no more or less than chaos, and soon propelled into the mystic. The alchemical transformation of my essence happened despite my will and better judgment, and I am better for it. After all, would I trust this strangely holy business if there were actually some "one" in charge?

We realize that chaotic situations must not be rejected. Nor must we regard them as regressive, as a return to confusion. We must respect whatever happens to our state of mind. Chaos should be regarded as extremely good news.

—Chogyam  
Trungpa









# Virtual Mirrors in Solid T.I.M.E.

## "Thee Prophetic Portals ov Austin Osman Spare"

by Genesis P-Orridge

~~by Genesis P-Orridge~~

Since all phenomena (or phenomenally appearing things) which arise present no reality in themselves, they are said to be of the noumena (in other words, they are of the Voidness, regarded as the noumenal background or Source of the physical universe of the phenomena). Though not formed into anything, yet they give shape to everything. Thus it is that phenomena and noumena are ever in union, and said to be of one nature. They are, like ice and water, reflection and mirror, two aspects of a single thing.—*The Seven Books of Wisdom*

Mirrors reveal and conceal. With permanent mystery, they hint at doorways, windows, points of entry, and thresholds just out of reach of our conscious minds. T.I.M.E. The Imaginary Mass Emits. Image. Idea. The atavistic face gazes down into a crystal pool. Ice-cold water. Grunts. A hand shatters the image, fear gaunt and haunting passes across, a shadowy cloud, and through all T.I.M.E. that moment can persist, be reclaimed.

As Austin Osman Spare, the British occultist and avatar of chaos magick, asked, "What is Time, but a variety of one thing?"

In a stinking cave, muttering babies scream and scratch, furs undulate in copulation. In one corner, bright-eyed first marks are daubed on a wall. They are marks to function, marks of place, of T.I.M.E. They are marks to draw results and persist beyond one human lifetime. Instinct has arisen, snake-like, coiling its SELF into intuition and suggesting the very power of suggestion. Noöne noted down this PROCESS from a book. It grew from watching the elements, from closeness to the life-sources, death-forces that modern persons are divorced from. On this damp stone there is a curve, it is land, horizon, ejaculation, movement.

Mrs. Paterson stares down. Pencilled into existence. It is her as she WAS when she took Austin Osman Spare at 14 years old and initiated him into the art of sexual

magick. Mrs. Paterson had rediscovered and regenerated a power-full system of sorcery through her covert communion across T.I.M.E. with systems and techniques that grew from a most animalistic and pure union of instinct and inherited DNA encryption. This woman knew, and she taught Spare, how to travel through T.I.M.E. She also instructed Spare in techniques that could empower him to remain Present in L-if-E after an apparent physical death. She was a medium, but her guides were not the romantic and patronizing ikons of the "New Age". Not Indian Chiefs, Pharaohs, Tibetan Rinpoches or aborigines. They were more like the creatures of Clive Barker's *Hellraiser* visions, or the demons in *Evil Dead*. They were the deepest, most atavistic and raw representations of the alien that we can experience. Equivalent, if you will, to a seriously hard-core DMT entity confrontation.

Later in life, Spare made consistent use of faded middle-aged prostitutes, "brash" and heavily made-up. These women could, in his mind, represent Mrs. Paterson at the age she seduced and instructed him, and thus could charge his sexual magick rituals and Sigils more powerfully as a result. Just as the sorcerer repeats elements of ritual over and over again, and repeatedly uses the same magickal tools, incenses, and incantations in order to achieve a cumulative effect, so Spare recreated a virtual sorceress to revisit the precise intersections of T.I.M.E. and Space that Mrs. Paterson had imprinted in his brain. Through this reputedly sordid but actually visionary method of sexual magick, Spare was able to return at Will to a potent portal, an access point into the matter of T.I.M.E. itself. Because these women resembled Mrs. Paterson, Spare could focus on them as visual keys that enabled him to accelerate at the moment of orgasm into direct, inter-dimensional contact with her, and the infinity of previous hers. This catapulting is more easily understood now, in a post-DMT experiential environment. However Spare could recreate this at Will, over and over

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You know who  
Genesis P-Orridge  
is.

Thee Psychick Bible





again, with deep lucidity and in a state of sexual, rather than biochemical, intoxication. A drug-free splitting of the atoms of T.I.M.E.!

There is a drawing in my possession by the young Spare, a pencil and gouache, finished in 1928. The main

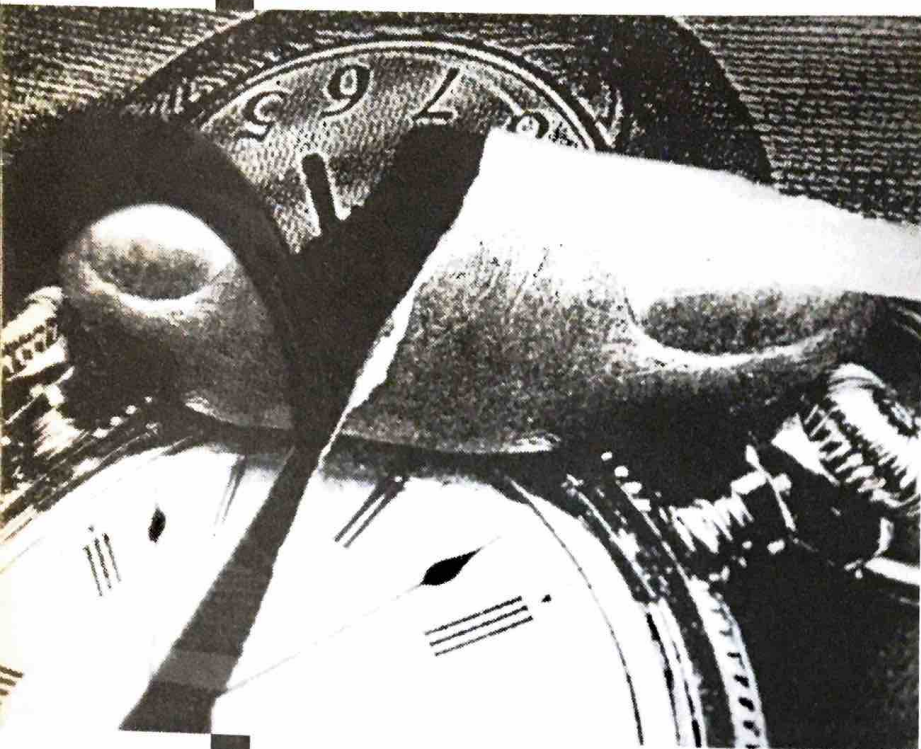


figure is Mrs. Paterson. Coming from behind her head, making a blister in a shimmering green pencilled aura, is a half completed face. It belongs to noöne, everyone. It is her at times, it is cavalier, it is also Austin Osman Spare. Spare appears in the bottom right-hand corner, represented as an old man, eyes closed, concentrating, as if manifesting the other beings in the picture. Remarkably, his projection of an older SELF is uncannily accurate.

Spare is tricking us. Everybody is convinced that his drawings, paintings, and images were symbolic, fantastical, products of his imagination. They are in fact the essence of his sorcery. Spare was shrewd enough to make ALL his secrets non verbal and non-linear. Not one explanation of these secrets is contained overtly in his writings, which are primarily journals, decorative encryptions of basic techniques of travel, and were never intended to be taken literally or as illustrations on any level. His often opaque books are symbolic appendices to the REAL work. Like all great sorcerers, Spare hid his central secret in an apparently commonplace medium.

He was, in the best covert cultural traditions, working for his SELF alone.

"Mrs. Paterson" contains all the secrets Spare never wrote down. We see him. He is actually kneeling. He sinks INTO her chest, is absorbed, they rise together, androgynous, both their faces genderless, and all their

ages superimposed to create one alien being. One inter-dimensional entity. He has drawn himself dying, conjuring himself into this picture in advance of that event, so that he may all ways return.

The drawing is actually a "photographic" projection of both his own future bodily death, and his worship of Mrs. Paterson as the keeper of immortality. Spare was able to take a particular aspect of Mrs. Paterson's lifesource and literally preserve I.T., still "living", into this, and one or two other, pictures. His aim in all his sorcery was to reunite his spirit and hers, and to capture this within the dimensions of his artworks so that through this PROCESS they could both quite literally live forever. An interesting twist on the idea of great art making the artist immortal!

This is not in anyway vampiric. This is a much more deeply fundamental sorcery. In the same mysterious way that, if you Will, a mirror can contain all that it faces in what seems an equally "real" world, so Spare's pictures can hold the entirety of the images and entities that he represents in them. They are THERE. Their frame is exactly intended to be experienced as, and to function as, the edges of a mirror.

Because a drawing is a more fixed medium than a mirror, we supposedly cannot see around the inside edges or change the depth of what we see by moving about, as we can with a mirror. Do not be fooled by mundane physics. There are specific periods when, remarkably, the opposite is true, and these images of Spare do indeed become virtual mirrors. Further, based upon my own experiences and those of many colleagues who have acted as controls and/or guinea pigs in my experiments, I would suggest, indeed insist, that these pictures become living animated portals through which entities can travel, accessing our "world" and bidding us into theirs.

One of the Spare paintings that I used to own (and that now resides in the collection of Chris Stein) was called "The Ids". Every New Year's Eve strange things would occur. Most noticeably, the two faces of Spare that faced each other in the painting would reanimate. Many different guests would suddenly gasp and say, "Did you know that the faces in that painting have come alive? They are arguing." None of these observers knew who Spare was. Eventually I checked and found that Spare died on New Year's Eve, 1956.

Many unprompted witnesses have also been shocked to see the eyes of "Mrs. Paterson" close, open, cry, and even her whole head turn—quite literally a living portrait. In this case, nobody felt anything malevolent, just a sense of people "trapped in a mirror". "The Ids" was different. Something one could only think of as "bad" always happened when it animated. I took to putting the painting in a

Chaos, the life force of the universe, is not human-hearted. Therefore the wizard cannot be human-hearted when he seeks to tap the force of the universe. He performs monstrous and arbitrary acts to loosen the hold of human limitations on himself.

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—Peter Carroll

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cupboard, facing the wall, for a period before and after New Year's Eve each year.

One winter, before travelling abroad, I arranged for two people to care-take my house in Brighton. As in a fable, I warned them not to touch, move, or hang up the "The Ids", which was in the loft space of the house, facing the wall. I told them it may sound superstitious or stupid, but to please trust me on this one. Inevitably, they felt this as a challenge and chose to not only turn the picture around, but to spend a night in the loft staring at it and sleeping in the same space. As they tell it, after an hour or so, the picture seemed to grow into a huge mirror, filling one whole end of the loft. Spare argued with himself, as usual. Then a new thing happened. In the painting, there are three women's faces above Spare's two heads, floating bodiless in a green field. They have heavy make-up on, like the prostitutes Spare favoured for his psycho-sexual sorcery. According to my guests, the central face came alive. The room seemed to fill with green mist, and then this woman walked out of the "painting" and came towards them, holding her hand out. Both people panicked, and ran from the loft, locking the door behind them. They had let loose, in classic horror-film style, an entity that WAS malevolent, and with its own agenda. From that T.I.M.E. on, various destructive events affected both the house and them. One of the two people became alcoholic, both had mental breakdowns.

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What is happening in these key pictures? I would propose a few speculations. All ideas have an image. Before the restrictive linguistic and alphabetical systems we use now were adopted—*adopted, I might add, for purposes of control*—we were a hieroglyphic species. All the materials used to create and fix an image are material. They are formed of patterns of atoms and molecules, charged by certain energies that hold their specific clusters together in some way.

Modern psychology also tends to accept that Ideas are material entities, like animals and plants. All mythological ideas, Jung suggests, are **ESSENTIALLY REAL**, and far older than any philosophy. They originated in primal perceptions, correspondences and experiences. The catalytic element that regenerates a reaction between Ideas and a spectator, and that favors parapsychological events, is the presence of an active archetype. As Spare wrote, "Art is the instinctive application of the knowledge latent in the subconscious." In Spare's virtual mirror art, this element can be anything from an obvious glyph (condensing and compressing a desire), a non-decorative æsthetic arrangement, or in the most intense "portal" works, an invisible

charge of energy which somehow calls the deepest, instinctual layers of the psyche into action.

The "soul" (advert for the **BRAIN** as Dr. Timothy Leary once suggested to me) is generally said to be visible through the eyes, the mirror of the soul. The eyes, jewels of actual brain exposed directly to the outside, are the neuro-visual screen of the **BRAIN**. In "Mrs. Paterson", the figure's eyes are neither open nor shut, and this is true in many of Spare's virtual mirror works. Her eyes are neither rejecting the possibility of seeing a captured "soul", nor openly inviting I.T. This half-open, half-shut limbo suggests that responsibility lies with the viewer to choose whether or not to commune with any frisky entities that manifest. In fact, on many occasions an interesting further mutation seems to have emerged. The eyes become **ALIEN**, not dissimilar from the classic Schwa portrayal, as if coated with an almost reptilian film of non-human skin.

Throughout occult circles in all ages crystal, water, polished metal, mirrors of all types have been used for oracular purposes. Spare's massive achievement is that he recognized the potential of art, of image, to be the most



powerful magickal mirror of all. A window in T.I.M.E. An interface with death. An inter-dimensional modem. In his art he captures not just an image but a life-force. What seems to happen is that each individual consciousness contained within the art remains dormant until it comes into contact with the minds of certain others, or when an intersection with linear T.I.M.E. sets in motion a pre-programmed "software" sequence of interactions. Primal.

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atavistic aboriginal peoples knew this. Sometimes facilitated with botanical catalysts, they would invest immense and potentially limitless powers in specific totem images and glyphs or sigils. All art grew from sorcery, and from the concealment of gnostic and alchemical procedures from those who would be "King". This use of the image as scrying mirror is very different than the function of contemporary elitist art, where you actually don't get anything much back except aesthetics. You certainly don't get mummification and T.I.M.E. travel!

Brion Gysin was another alchemist and sorcerer who used Art to create T.I.M.E. and inter-dimensional travel. His style was more abstract, more concerned with encryption, coding and decoding, and post-linguistic magick. "Rub Out The Word" he would emphasize. He too was absolutely aware of the implication of his experiments.



Both Gysin and William S. Burroughs accepted as a given that the central power of their works was to trick T.I.M.E., and to manipulate and navigate mortality and all sources of pre-recorded L-if-E: brain, entity, location, and the process of control that locks us out of our inviolate human right to transcend the physical.

Gysin was a practising magickian and described at length to me once in Paris his long T.I.M.E. practice of mirror-staring, and the incredible melting of consensus reality that resulted for both him and many other of the Beats. He suggested that there are "hot spots" in cultural engineering, convenient vehicles that accelerate the inevitable for those reckless and/or courageous enough to risk all for a possibility of disincarnation and the transmutation into otherness and alien being.

In traditional Western Occulture this letting go of all preconceptions, all expectations, all moral imprints, all concepts of SELF preservation, and all distinctions, is referred to as "The Abyss". Both Spare and Gysin lived to

pursue and attain new dimensions. Gysin incorporated tape-recorders, projections, trance musics, mathematical formulae. Spare incorporated his own body, sexuality, and dimensional fluidity. Both hungered for successful systems of sorcery, not knowledge. This alone made impossible any overt collaboration with magickal groups, where nostalgic elitism, academic recall, and a self-image measured by the length of one's bookshelf far too often camouflage mere self-aggrandizement.

Spare was aware that mystery and magick generate at the very least a morbid fascination in humanE persons. He consciously used his books, his twisted Beardsley-esque graphics, and his atavistic writings to attract our interest after his physical death. Not for reasons of ego, but to reactivate his "mind" and reanimate his psyche. Spare KNEW what he was conjuring and building: a method of physical and neurological immortality, a means to step outside T.I.M.E. Spare did not just gaze into the mirror—he was the very material of the mirror, the destroyer of its boundaries, the creator of a virtual portal that accessed all moments of T.I.M.E.

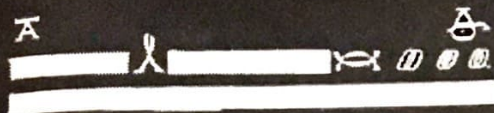
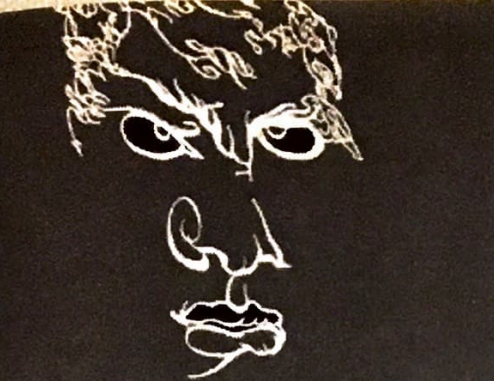
T.I.M.E. is, you see, a solid through which all passes. All is seen from a vantage point. As we learn to move our point of perception, so we act like a lens. Light, thought, life, passes through us, expanding outwards. We can place our mirrors anywhere, perceive them from any direction. Thus we are potentially everywhere, in every possible T.I.M.E. and every possible dimension. All travel is possible. We are an amorphous infinite density of matter. The matter is T.I.M.E. I.T. is all a matter of T.I.M.E.

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This century wills to be remembered as the century of the cut-up: the splitting of the atom by relativity, of mind by psychedelic compounds, and of linear thinking by cultural nihilism. Spilling over into social fragmentation, online alienation, the dataglut by its very scale insists on an accelerated response by our brains, and a highly developed perceptual skill of instant and arbitrary assembly. As egalitarian (to a degree) access to cyberspace and other synthetic worlds expands globally, the worlds of Spare and Gysin can be seen as precursors of the apparently limitless and multi-dimensional possibilities heralded by the microchip.

We are finally accepting that everything is truly in constant flux, that the malleability of all matter and all constructs is not just theoretical, and that projected images and virtual worlds are as valid and vibrant as the basic inherited consensus possibility that we tend to arrive trapped in squealing and pissing from our mother's vaginas. We are witnessing the realization that everything everyone says is true. That everything BELIEVED is real.





A Klee painting named "Angelus Novus" show an angel looking as though he is about to move away from something he is fixedly contemplating. His eyes are staring, his mouth is open, his wings are spread. This is how one pictures the angel of history. His face is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that the angel can no longer close them. This storm irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows skyward. This storm is what we call progress.

—Walter Benjamin

That bodies are mere vehicles for transporting our BRAIN and that mortality is primarily a philosophical control process. Why, my children, even that dear old anarchist construct "The Bible" was assigned an alchemical message more significant than Mr. Robertson would choose to consider.

We are "HERE TO GO", as Brion Gysin succinctly stated. Not just here to go into inner and outer space, though that PROCESS is one part and conceptual parcel of the final aspiration. We are here to go OUT of the physical body. To enter the solid pool of T.I.M.E. To be fully integrated into that matter of T.I.M.E. that connects us with EVERY moment, in every direction, and every parallel or conflicting omniverse that ever was, wills to be, or intends to be.

Life is ONLY a brief physical manifestation outside the circles of T.I.M.E. We can reënter the T.I.M.E. pool, and we can re-manifest. This is exactly the same as entering the virtual world of "cyberspace/psychosphere" when you log on. Our appreciation of the implication of logging on must be developed from this deification perspective. Once logged on, we are vulnerable to all the agendas, traumas, neuroses, and brilliances of all other logged on individuals. We have reëntered a pool. No different to the pool of T.I.M.E., or the "racial memory/DNA" pools.

The primary quest in Art, Life, Science, Brain has become a quest for reliable, repeatable methods for inter-dimensional travel and communication. Beyond the body and through the prophetic portals. We can all play. By being aware of the implication of logging on. By designing conceptual and physical grids within the Psychosphere to facilitate accurate post-physical travel. By shouldering the responsibility of "GOD/GODDESS BUILDING", our actions become the PROCESS that leads to the final unity and the vanquishing, once and for all, of any EITHER/OR paradigms. This is the T.I.M.E. which shall end. This is the calendar that ceases to exist. T.I.M.E. and L-if-E are not synonymous or fixed. Both are solids and can be shaped to our WILL TO...



For readers wishing to see/read more of Spare's works and ideas we suggest you write to:

TRANSMEDIA FOUND...NATION

PO Box 11534

Oakland CA 94611 USA

for a list of available materials.



FRINGE WARE REVIEW

Only the animal in man dances.

—Austin Osman Spare

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The end times are upon us...or so the prophets, shamen and fringe-freaks say. The signs, the sigils, the marks of the beasts angle in at every curvature of reality. We renew investigations into a past created daily, toward a future which never arrives, while a stark-staring oblivion of the void gapes before us. Some fall back, clinging to ancient ways, swaddled in a protective satiation—a dependence on the familiAR. Others convulse in the throes of paralyzing paranoia, jabbing a defensive finger of ignorance at some faceless unknown. A precious few edge one foot over the brink of the abyss...for them the future does not imply a desolate mass grave into which they longingly collapse, but instead a wormhole to the next evolutionary vista—like cartoon characters who wind-up dangling upsidedown in China, when they were looking for Albuquerque.

The remaining years of this millennium hold both our instructions and a pop quiz—a culmination of the age-old Alchemists' experiment: to turn shit into gold, to build temples out of the past's excrement, to gild our hardwired minds so they can withstand the transmutation necessary for the coming age of Horus. With the hangéd god dangling bluish at the end of his rhetorical rope, an emergence of new technology subtly, stealthily interweaves itself into our neural nets.

Some make preparations for this trance-formation, moving silently and mercurial among scornful old-æon sycophants, tunneling their way underground to emerge in China or on Mars. Emergent properties of this new science have more to do with the technologies of magick, chaos theory and neo-shamanism than the usual laboratory speculum-rape of cold, quantifiable "truth". This apocalypse presents a reëvolution of the mind toward divinity.

Anticipating an impending eschatological shift, society wallows in its own filth around us. Political schemes have become dissolute self-fulfilling prophecies, clinging to their cold-war, happy-consumer, "honey, i'm home" morals. Family structures are a thing of the past; people now seek community in anonymity—as the Internet hints—replacing blood ties with selective, virtual ones. Evolution specializes with or without us, while people cocoon in their artifice worlds of bliss, severed from any unmanufactured sense of self as they fade into a hive-mind haze. Resurgent modern primitivism and its attendant trendiness evidence a paltry attempt at rebellion, the "alternativizing" of a nation, an outlet of acceptable self-defeatist anarchy. Sell the m-asses their own media-sanitized individuality: "different is go(o)d", but apparently "just like the Joneses" is even better, because rebellious primal urges now exorcise in socially-manageable ways.

Religion, generally the first harbinger of doom, can only wring its hands and prey, waiting for the Rapture and descent of the four horsemen, come to execute punishment on behalf of their sadistic but loving Daddy-in-the-sky. For them the Rapture shall indeed come. But all these little things pave the way for one real big thing: a different kind of cataclysm will unfold for those survivalist-types who dare expose Big Daddy as the incestuous pederast that he is...

Lurking in the muddy-bloody waters lies a slumbering Tiamat—the Leviathan which Big Three has fought all along—not quite dead, but hibernating until the time comes for it to intertwine with our DNA once again, ever chasing its evasive spiralling tail. Tiamat embodies the chthonic complexity of natural order which existed before the world was "civilized" (i.e. plunged into the Dark Ages) by X-tianity™. The sea-serpent of the void sometimes gestures to us through seduction, entrancing with an ecstatic power-flux fuck, othertimes imposing itself like a fist. Somewhere in the depths of our genetic memory this hybrid creature unfurls a tenacious tentacle. It slowly exhales little bubbles, little worlds, while shaking the sleep of the æons from its eyes. We can breathe inside these microcosms, much as undersea creatures do, extracting nutrients from the poison brine, blood throbbing in time to a half-remembered rhythm on the tip of our tongues. Resurfacing worlds, like a rediscovered Atlantis, bring us mnemonic keys to unlock the abyss within ourselves, exposing tools we had forgotten: instinct, intuition, divination, lost languages, the power of Will...magickal survival skills which exist inside us all, merely lacking comprehension. Interjections of sustaining air grant the Gnosis in great gasps, as we learn to hyperventilate into hyperspace.

Chaos forms that breathing space, an adaptogen forcing the hand of chance, mutating genetic Morse code. Chaostatic is the paradoxical noise generated by our synapses, the sound of silence, seething with activity beneath a black façade: a scrying mirror in which to behold an inscrutable sound, the Sound-which-is-the-Name...the chaostatic wyrd made flesh through musick, that resurgent atavistic language which spans the æons. When the Babel of humanity decrescendos into dead air, musick will be our form of communication. Like the void from which it sprang, musick contains all possibilities. Through it we have aroused the serpent, waking our desire for ancient knowledge once offered to us in the snake-form of Lilith. She has waited all this time—in all her oozing, reptilian guises—for humanity's vampire-fixation with Death to turn into the fatalistic obsession for the thing itself (*thanateros*). We have lured her forth to rule, but she wants no propitiation. We are all to be DNA swirl-snakes ourselves, and the disorder she brings is the catalyst.

Our minds become the tuning fork resonant in pitch, roaring out over the din with a new signal-to-noise threshold. We will behold the musick created through aural sigilisation—a distillation of our collected Will, cyber-Tantrically manipulating and navigating the Chao-cosmic succubus fuck. We are the celebrants and the god-form(less), bringing the joyful noise that leaps into all our dreams. We become the wyrd, eating the flesh, the Ouroboros eating itself into a figure ate. Musick becomes our universal language, the rhythm of blood, our bodies light as spore-beams scattered to the winds of chance, our mindhold on the stars made manifest, unveiled as the soundtrack to chaos in expansion.

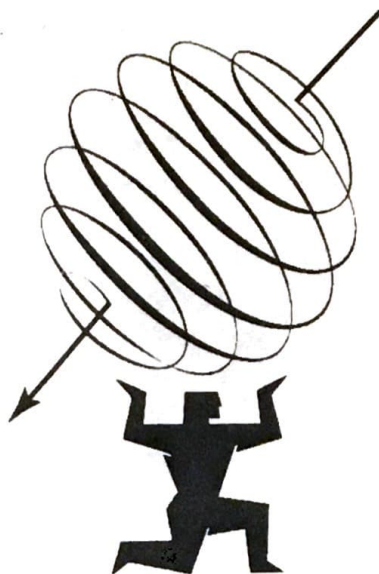
Shelley Soma is a percussionist and vocal co-conspirator for the post-industrial doom trance group G.L.O.D.





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# CHAOS and Mr. E

by Don Webb <dwebb@fringeware.com>  
<http://www.fringeware.com/HTML/staff.html#donwebb>

Most people probably think of Chaos Magick as an entirely postmodern phenomena, a creation of the age of the PC and VCR. The magical system postulated by Peter Carroll (and other magical theorists, including Frater U.D.) certainly resonates with the postmodern state. Instead of a central, linguistically definable power source such as God, goddess, or Satan, Chaos magickians look toward an undifferentiated ether that longs to be formed into substance by the Will of the magickian—a power source one might describe as the Unmanifest longing to be Manifest. Just as the postmodern thinker does not have exterior textual standards of Truth, the Chaos magickians has no standard save for praxis. If it Works, it partakes of the divine.

Although this concept of a numinous universe in continuous creation/destruction is “new” to people working under a Judeo-Christian paradigm, it was common to the more sophisticated views of our ancestors’ ancestors. It is useful to return to these roots—not only for the practical reason of checking on the experimental data that’s already been collected, but for the arcane reason of discovering what magicks have already effected the evolution of our own souls. Chaos Magick represents a path that can lead to an expansion of knowledge and power, not only in the realm of matter, but in the realm of spirit as well. But all such expansions require transformation of the Self, and all transformation requires exact knowledge.

A good place to begin one’s Quest for Chaos Magick is in the *Seidhr* (approximately pronounced “sayther”) practices of the ancient Germanic peoples. I began my Quest with a talk with my friend Edred Thorsson, founder and Yrmin-Drighten of the Rune-Gild, Grandmaster of the Order of the Trapezoid of the Temple of Set, at his academy Woodharrow in the Lost Pines region of Texas—which is also the location of his press: Runa Raven Press, PO Box 557, Smithville TX 78957 USA—write for free catalog. Woodharrow lived up to its name: “*The altar of inspiration*”...

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**fwr:** What is *Seidhr* and how is it connected to the idea of Chaos?

**Mr E:** Now it is generally imagined that *Seidhr* is a kind of evil magic practiced by Norse shamans—especially female ones. Indeed, *Seidhr* is an ancient form of magic practiced by the Scandinavian peoples at least since the Viking Age. *Seidhr* is generally connected with the Gods and Goddesses, called the Vanir, and especially with Freyja, whose name is really the title “Lady”.

*Seidhr* is also generally contrasted with another word for “magic” in the Northern tongue: *Galdr*. *Seidhr* is connected to the concept of “Chaos” in the sense that the theory upon which *Seidhr* works is very similar to that upon which Chaos Magic works. Both are based on a *materialistic paradigm*—what Peter Carroll calls “Ether” and the ancient Germanic peoples called *Ginnung*, or Chaos. This paradigm is, by the way, to be contrasted with

the essentially *symbolic* theory underlying *Galdr*—a theory which is semiotic and linguistic in character, not substance-based. The underlying theory of *Seidhr* is pretty much the same as “the magical paradigm” described by Carroll in his *Liber Kaos*. However, that general theory does not account for *Galdr*, which is *independent* of the flows of the time/space continuum.

**fwr:** What is the cosmological model which *Seidhr* presupposes? Chaos Magickians represent the relationship between the ego-portion of the psyche and the rest of the Cosmos with a circle with eight arrows bursting forth—an image copied from the fantasy works of Michael Moorcock. Do you suspect the resonance of this symbol to be a remanifestation of *Seidhr* practices?

**Mr E:** Yes, the symbol itself seems to be a noumenal atavism of the common Germanic cosmological map which is centered on the “earth” (or *ego*) and which

Don Webb has been a contributing editor for FWR since before clocks learned how to tick. He edited FWR #6(66) and writes for just about everybody.





radiates out in a total of eight "directions", only six of which can even be symbolically "located" in three-dimensional space. The other two—*Hel* (the Realm of the Dead) and *Asgard* (the Realm of the Gods and Heroes of Awakened Intelligence)—exist in hyper-space at acute angles to all the other axes of the map simultaneously. The cosmological model that is presupposed is that *Ginnung* is present in everything. The German scientist Karl Reichenbach coined the term "Odic Force"—named after the Norse God Odin—to represent this substance.

**fwr:** Didn't the term *Ginnung*, or Chaos, come to mean illusion or delusion? Is it related to the Indian word *Maya*? Isn't this supposed to be just plain "bad stuff"?

**Mr E:** *Ginnung* or *Ginning* becomes a word for "delusion" at a certain point in Old Norse. One of the sections of the *Prose Edda* by Snorri Sturluson is called the *Gylfaginning*, usually translated "Gylfi's Delusion". But in the *Rig Veda* we see that *Maya* is the creative power wielded by Varuna, who with his *pashas* ["bonds"] can bind or loosen, destroy or create anything he can imagine. In both cases what we are dealing with is the idea that this is "powerful stuff"—and power can equal mortal danger.

In essence *Ginnung* is the undifferentiated energy/matter which preexists creation, and which underlies the forms of all phenomena. What had been "magical power" to the trained elite, became "bad ju-ju" as its practices drifted down to the masses. The amount of training and discipline necessary to wield *Ginnung* in a reliable way is so great that the vast majority of humanity, when they try to "use" it, simply end up confusing themselves and devolving into a morass of illusion. Hence the use of the substance becomes more or less taboo.

**fwr:** How can the concepts of *Ginnung* (Chaos) and *Futhark* (Order) be creatively synthesized by an individual to produce the materials of his or her own life? What barriers are there to a creative synthesis?

**Mr E:** Well, first of all it must be emphasized that indeed such a synthesis must take place in order for the Will of the individual magician to rule. Order is a relatively rare event, and is one which is anterior to the existence of *Ginnung*. Order is something which is Willfully impressed upon, and out of, Chaos. It is the progressive impression of Order out of Chaos that characterizes self-development, or Initiation. The chief barriers to this process are that magicians may reject (demonize) either the Order or the Chaos, thus un-balancing themselves, or that they will succumb to the chaotic material within themselves—which is by far the predominant mass of the self—and begin to mistake the inherent patterns of the chaos for their own Wills. This latter path defines a sort of mysticism, but is to be distinguished from magic because the all-important component of the Will, or individual

consciousness, has been negated. In *Seidhr* one temporarily loses consciousness in order to effect conscious aims—but unconsciousness is not the aim in and of itself.

**fwr:** What mental/spiritual attitudes or moods help the Magickian to get the best results when dealing with Chaos?

**Mr E:** Interestingly enough, the mood of *Seidhr* is an extremely serene, tranquil and fearless one. In the face of psychic turmoil and what most would consider frightening imagery—that of darkness, death and even dismemberment—the seidh-man or seidh-wife often evidences moods diametrically opposed to the expected ones. In *Seidhr* the worker is often virtually in a state of suspended animation, and most always in a trance-state of some kind. But the worker of *Seidhr* is not a world-renouncing mystic. *Seidhr* is a magic of this world, for gaining effects in this world on the level plane of existence.

**fwr:** What would be a practical piece of *Seidhr* I could do?

**Mr E:** With a clear and urgent Need, and with a precise question, go to a graveyard where one of your family members is buried. It's better if the person is the most distant ancestor you can find. Sit on the grave and imagine yourself descending into the grave, to be with that family member in *Hel*—or at least that part of the person which remains there. When you have a sense of the presence of the person, pose the question to him or her—and listen for the answer.

From the outside, this could look like a nice visit to the cemetery, just like they used to do in the "good ol' days". Yes, but just *how old*?

Rest in wu-wei and things will transform themselves. Smash your form and body, spit out hearing and eyesight, forget you are a thing among other things. You may then achieve the great unity of the deep and boundless. Undo the mind, slough off the spirit, be blank and soulless, and then ten thousand things will return one by one to the root. Return to the root and yet not know why.

—Chuang-Tzu

Fire rests by changing.

—Heraclitus

No generation without corruption.

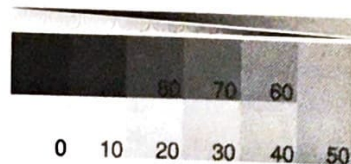
—alchemical maxim





# Televisionary Oracle

by Rob Brezsny <zenpride@well.com>



- 1** Hi, beauty and truth fans, and welcome to the Televisionary Oracle, brought to you by the Menstrual Temple of the Funky Grail, Telepathics Anonymous, and Breakfast of Amazons cereal.
- 2** I'm your host, Rob Brezsny, and I'm proud to announce that this is a perfect moment. This is a perfect moment because you, my beloved friends and monsters, have taken the first step in a marathon ritual which could lead to the end of your amnesia. At this perfect moment you have somehow managed, by fabulous accident or blind luck or ingenious tricks, to tune into the Televisionary Oracle on the Feminist Orgy Network—proving that you're ready to recover repressed memories of your glorious origins and know again the Thirteen Perfect Secrets from Before the Beginning of Time;
- 3** Welcome to the end of your nightmares, sex and death fans! The world is young, your soul is free, and a naked celebrity is dying to talk to you about your most intimate secrets right now!
- 4** Just kidding. In actuality, the world is young, your soul is free, and any moment you'll begin to feel horny for salamanders, clouds, toasters, trees—even the ocean itself!
- 5** Whoever you think you are, whatever gorgeous dragon you have tried to make into your god, whatever media viruses you might have invited into your most intimate places—you can decide right now that your turning point has arrived. You can decide right now that you're ready to change your lives...and change your signs...and change your changing. Because when you tuned in the Televisionary Oracle on the Feminist Orgy Network, you tuned into your own purified, glorified, unified and mystifying self. If you stay with us,

you will learn how to brainwash yourself before somebody nasty beats you to it;

**6** You are becoming very relaxed. Your eyes are growing very calm. All tension is leaving your body. But you are NOT getting sleepy. In fact, you have never felt more alert and alive in your entire life. You will obey...everything I don't say. You will obey... everything I don't know. You will obey... everything I forgot. You will obey...nothing at all.

**7** At this perfect moment, one hundred trillion lascivious feminist vibrations are pouring through you, implanting love spells that will purge all toxic wastes from your mind and body;

**8** At this perfect moment, all blockages to your divine charisma are being smashed, and an abundant flow of creative ideas is moving through you effortlessly;

**9** At this perfect moment, I am the most beautiful anchorslut in all the land—and so are you. I am the tantric messiah, teacher of permanent orgasm—and so are you. In my rock video you and I are already in charge. I am the Psychic Judge of the Invisible Government of Bloody Disneyland—and so are you. I am the Sacred Janitor of the United Snakes of Rosicrucian Coca-Cola—and so are you. We will succeed where the paranoids have failed. We will take back the airwaves from the entertainment criminals. When you're too entertained to move, screaming is good exercise, so please scream along with me... right...now!

**10** I'm inside your dream pillow, beauty and truth fans, teaching you how to use your nightmares to become rich and famous—or smart and immortal, if that's what you want;

You've probably read and perhaps even acted upon Rob's weekly column, *Real Astrology*, found in your local fishwrap or email list...score a larger dose at: Televisionary Oracle  
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Herein we taste from Rob's recent video collaboration, *The Drivetime*, with director Antero Alli.



<sup>11</sup> I'm percolating up from the ground beneath you, bringing you the Gnostic African Buddhist music of the ever-growing roots—if that's what you want;

<sup>12</sup> Like a tic in the navel of the seven-headed, ten-horned beast of the apocalypse, I'm riding on the back of tonight's satellite transmission from CNN, MTV, UFO and CIA. I'm all around you—if that's what you want. Or nowhere to be seen, a secret keeping itself, like nature—if that's what you want.

**13** So. What *do* you want, anyway?

<sup>14</sup> You want me to say a prayer for you? A prayer to end all prayers, in an unselfish tone of voice? A prayer for everything you've never asked for before, because you weren't sure you deserved it?

<sup>15</sup> A prayer, then, it is. A special, no-nonsense, hype-free prayer exclusively for you;

<sup>16</sup> But first, beauty and truth fans, first let's get you in the mood. Let's get you lubed and primed and ultra-receptive. Join me now in the invocation of that beautiful mess, that lovable chaos, that sweet slow smoldering infinitely huge lump of angel fat left over from the Big Bang: the Oxy'môron'ic Tao, bequeathed to us, ultimately, by those immortal corpses, our ancestors from the future.

<sup>17</sup> The Oxy'môron'ic Tao—as slippery as a diamond turd, as full of dopey hope as a deathless death. Join me in this act of solidarity, this song of songs, as I use the magic of the mantra to link your hormonal flux with mine. Sing it with me!

<sup>18</sup> *Beauty! Shit! Truth! Fuck!*

<sup>19</sup> *Beauty! Shit! Truth! Fuck!*

<sup>20</sup> *Beauty! Shit! Truth! Fuck!*

<sup>21</sup> A thousand times! A million times! Weave it into your blood. Imprint it into your neurons!

<sup>22</sup> *Beauty! Shit! Truth! Fuck! Beauty! Shit! Truth! Fuck! Beauty! Shit! Truth! Fuck! Beauty! Shit! Truth!...*

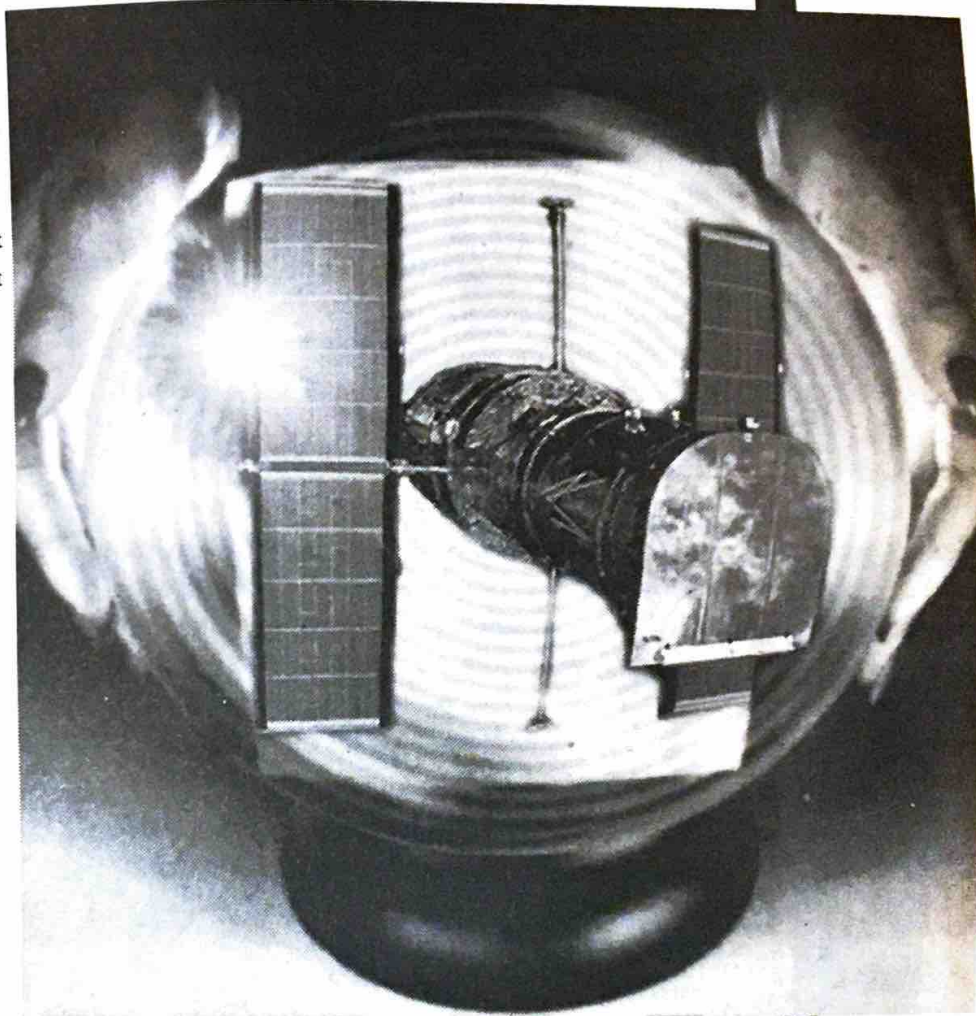
**23** I hope you get the seriousness of this joke, beauty and truth and shit and fuck fans, because I couldn't be more serious when I say that the irony and sincerity get all mixed together—just like the wound and the cure, like the love and the pain, like the entertainment and the totalitarianism. Stick with me for the next billion perfect moments or so, and I guarantee that you'll shoot right past your usual vicarious Near Death Experience all the way into your proudest voyeur

moment ever, beyond your Near Genocide-of-the-Imagination Experience and all the way to the only possible outcome: the Hope-ocalypse, lovers, Twenty-Two Seconds of World Orgasm.

<sup>24</sup> So grab a bowl of Breakfast of Amazons cereal, assume the position of radical bitchiness, and let's get ourselves in a blasphemously holy mood. Believe it or else, it's prayer time.

**25** I am starting to pray right now to the God of Gods, the God beyond all Gods, the Girlfriend of God, the Teacher of God, the GODDESS who invented God, and what I pray is:

<sup>26</sup> "Oh GODDESS, you Dumb Fast Streamlined River of Electricity, oh you Smart Slow Smoldering Lump of Angel Fat Left Over from the Big Bang:



<sup>27</sup> I pray that my prayer might set in motion forces that will unleash unimaginable blessings on all the beautiful love geniuses who have tuned in. I pray that soon they will begin receiving what they didn't even know they wanted. Not just everything they need but everything they've been afraid to want;





<sup>28</sup> "Oh GODDESS, you Psychedelic Mushroom Cloud at the Centre of All Our Brains:

<sup>29</sup> The divine chameleons and personal growth-addicts out there in sacred space don't even know they're crazy. Use your blinding magic, GODDESS, to help them see that they're all wildly creative geniuses too big for their own bodies. Guide them to realize that they're all completely different from what they think they are and more exciting than they can possibly imagine. Make it immoral, illegal, irrelevant, unpatriotic and totally tasteless for them to be in love with anyone or anything that's no good for them.

**30** "Oh GODDESS, Janitor GODDESS, you Wealthy Anarchist Burning Heaven to the Ground:

<sup>31</sup> I pray that you rescue these budding Demeters and Inannas and Buddhas and Christs, rescue them from their darkest secrets and help them see the difference between self-destructive self-control and liberating self-control. Awaken in them the power to do the half-right thing when it's impossible to do the totally right thing. Help them learn the language of the angels, and to get a fabulous mommy and daddy in their next incarnation. Teach them the zen of temper tantrums;

<sup>32</sup> "Oh GODDESS You Sly Universal Virus with No Fucking Opinion:

<sup>33</sup> Give these personal growth addicts and gorgeous love geniuses everything they need and much much more. Please see if you can arrange to get a racehorse or a comet named after each of them. Give them their own pyramid and their own telecommunications satellite and a thousand masks that all fit their face perfectly. Help them to push their own buttons and unbreak their own hearts and right their own wrongs and sing their own songs and be their own wife and save their own life. Give them lucid dreams while they're wide awake and solar-energy-operated sex toys that work in the dark;

<sup>34</sup> "And oh GODDESS, GODDESS who dances in whirling circles like a child who loves to get dizzy:

<sup>35</sup> Give all these original sinners a license to bend all laws, rules and traditions that keep them apart from the things they love. Give them a long glimpse at The Thirteen Perfect Secrets from Before the Beginning of Time. Bring them the beginning of the end of what they love to hate. And show them how to purge themselves of the

wishy-washy wishes that keep them distracted from their white-hot, burning desires.

**36** "And now, dear God of Gods, God beyond all Gods, Sister Lover of God, Mother of God, GODDESS who invented God,

<sup>37</sup> I bring this prayer to a close, trusting that in these mysterious moments you have impregnated the subconscious minds of these beautiful love geniuses with their own personal, ecstatic, utterly relaxed version of the Oxy'môron'ic Tao...and removed all blockages to their egoless charisma... allowing them to see that their most insane poise...or orgiastic lucidity...or fake pretending... or whatever name they choose to give IT...is unfolding with demonic compassion, ironic sincerity and aggressive sensitivity."

<sup>38</sup> Amen. Awomen. Ommmmmm and halle-fucking-lujah.

**39** There you have it, beauty and truth fans. A personalized prayer just for you. A prayer that'll probably come true simply because you didn't even ask for it. You may now kiss yourself on your own lips.

<sup>40</sup> This experiment in adoration has been brought to you by the Menstrual Temple of the Funky Grail: the world's first think tank for single welfare mothers and nymphomaniac midwives. A media coven and support group for radical feminist hackers and a secret society for working class mystics. Sponsors of the Menstrual Lingerie Fashion Show and builder of a global network of designer menstrual huts.

<sup>41</sup> The Menstrual Temple of the Funky Grail—fighting to overthrow the genocide of the imagination!

I do not believe in fixed methods. I use methods just to push you into a very chaotic consciousness, because the first thing to be done with you, as you are, is to disturb your whole pattern. You have become solid, rigid. You must become more and more liquid and flowing. And unless you become flowing, riverlike, you can never know the divine because it is not a thing: it is an event.

—Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh





# THE DRIVETIME

a video review

by Paco Xander Nathan <pacoid@fringeware.com>

<http://www.wolfe.net/~majamaki/ptr.html>

"When the daytime and the dreamtime overlap, you're in the drivetime...where Seattle, 1999, is just another offramp."

All the weird shit which made you sweat at night—fearing terror, tear and consequence of our imminently shared millennial fold—has long since joined the annals. People still persist, still play, still hold jobs... One of these people, Flux Adams, works as an on-call, governmedia librarian, periodically rejoining preëmageddonal time(s) to gather evidence: he lives in subjects' dreams, briefly, then fades within their world. Flux gets sent to Seattle.

To realize Seattle99, Microserfdom becomes Shadow-run: imagine a world where Terence McKenna's "singularity", Starhawk's *Spiral Dance*, Neal Stephenson's *Snow Crash* and Nostradamus' augur of our impending doom all coincide as accepted history, as narrated by Timothy Leary during a poetry slam somewhere in the Pacific Northwest while you're getting aroused by the person seated next to you. In a nuther sinse, imagine the main character from David Blair's *WAX* having read *Neuromancer* shortly after his agent advised "Dude, lose the bees..."

Poor souls strive for the best jobs available as police/performance-artists while the rest absorb CNN/UFO/CIA network broadcasts advising all to stay inside and be entertained. Meanwhile, AI-controlled virtual bureaucracies, burgeoning with GulfWar®-veteran lackeys, vie against "Telepathics Anonymous" fleshmeet dogmatists/subversives for control of your will and mind.

A certain acquaintance at *FWR* remarks in subtitle: "Drivetime, or the discovery of television among neo-pagans attending graduate theatre programs in the Pacific Northwest." Don't go see this to watch some entertaining video...go see this to enjoy a great play which could only be rendered as a videofilm. Epileptics beware. Plus, I have fallen in love with the Miranda character and sincerely wish to have her babies; this is an open invitation.

**Top 10 Reasons To Seek:** video work and effects are excellent, A++; Rob Breznsky's brilliant, provoking voice-overs leave you rolling, pondering and responding; causal

wife-swapping of guns and camcorders produce a refreshing semiotic tension; Flux (Michael Douglas), Miranda (Kristen Kosmas), Vid (Michael George) perform some of the most genuine c-punk characters to screen since *Bladerunner*; killer sound bites to warp your psyche, e.g. Flux's show-stealing line: "I'm not a cop, I'm a librarian"; Miranda's supplicant videofaxing to mom and subsequent poetry-slam satori about military-industrial conspiracy to test faux-alien weapons on the dark side of the Moon: "They fucked her from behind...behind the Moon...the Martians...the martial artists..."

**Top 10 Reasons To Cringe:** editing caters to the soundtrack, which itself is a treat, but brevity would better serve many key scenes; dialog, since many characters present their performances for theatre/stage more than screen.

Antero Alli, <anteros@speakeasy.org>, produced *DT* on a self-funded, \$5K budget. The 88min feature (first in a trilogy series) incorporates Mike Crow's 10sep94 Capitol Hill riot footage, mosh pit scenes from Curt Cobain's funeral, and the hilarious, gratuitous, well-deserved sampling of *This Island Earth*. Soundtrack features World Entertainment War, Contraband, Cyndia Pickering and the Menstrual Temple of the Funky Grail. You probably recognize Antero as editor of *The Talking Raven* and writer/director for other experimental video projects over the past six years. I can identify with him, not just 'cuz we pass for fraternal twins in visage and p'haps spirit, but through his body of work.

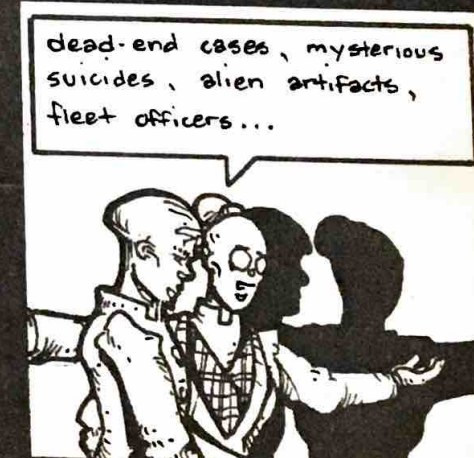
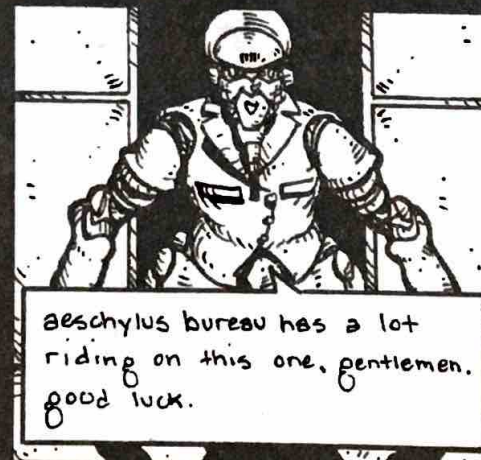
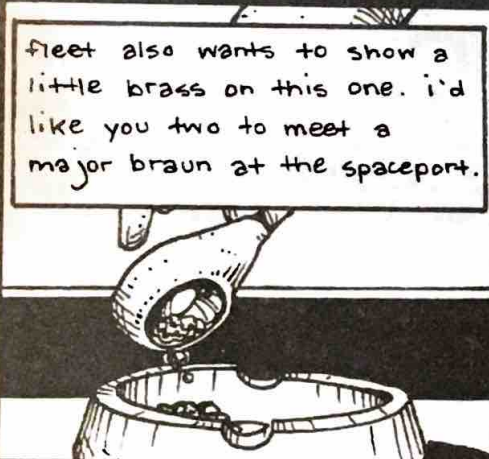
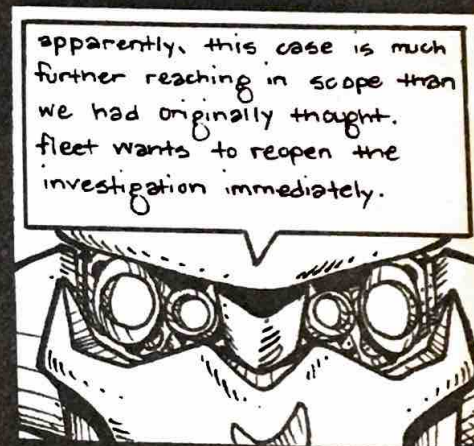
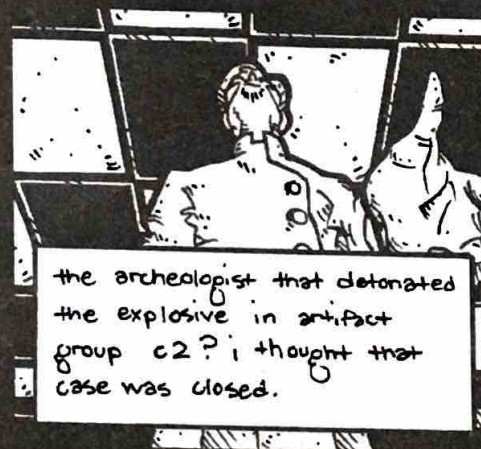
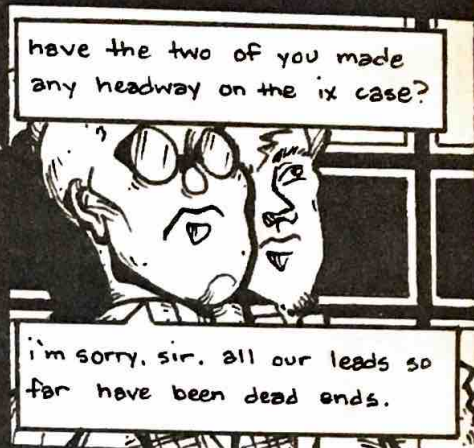
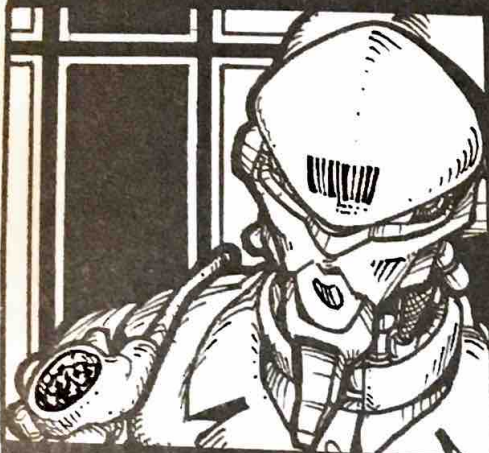
A recurring subtext/moral in *DT*, i.e. "don't consume more media than you produce,"—a theme explored in text by Neal Stephenson's *Snow Crash*—offers maxim and formula for sanity in a pomo world. I rarely identify with c-punk movies—certainly not with high-budget *Johnny Mmronic* entertainment-crime, yet sadly not with the bulk of indies-in-our-ilk, e.g. *Electric Tribe* (though that arguably had moments). Nonetheless, the videopoetic allegory found in *DT*—which aptly addresses interpersonal comm in this age of expanding telecomm—leaves me thinking, believing.

VHS copies are available for \$35; watch for screenings on the West Coast.

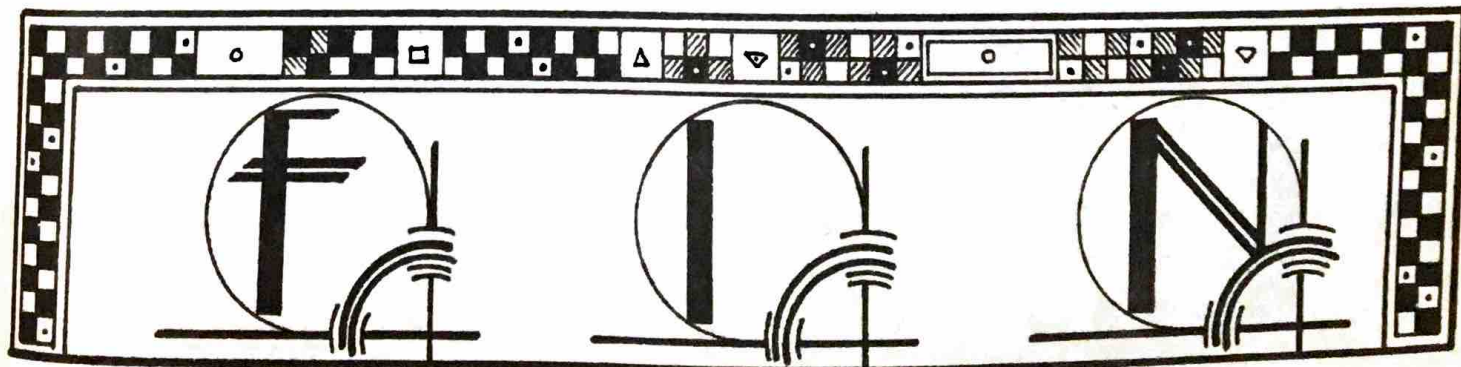
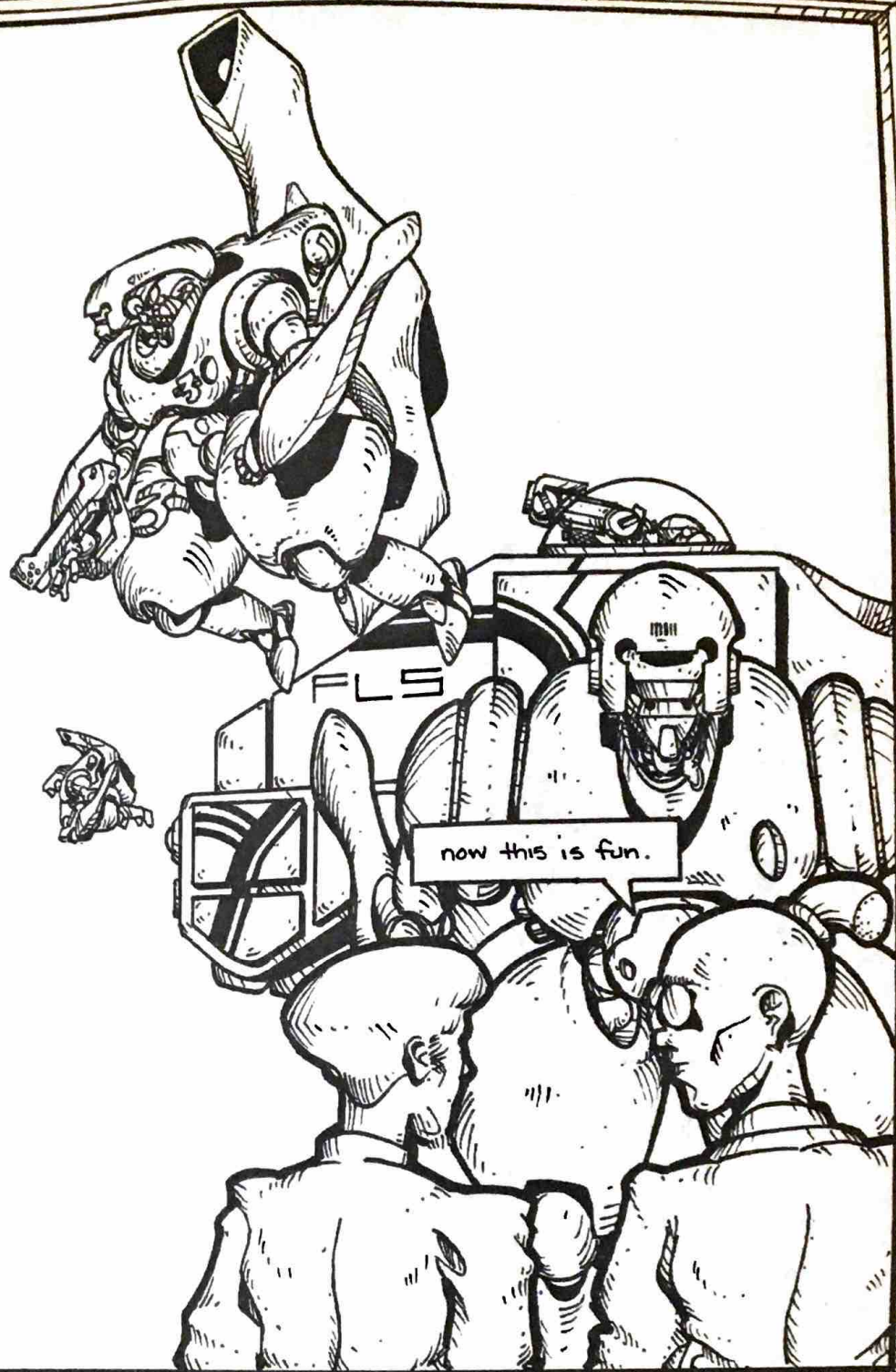
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# No Experience Necessary

## The Chaotic Life and Teaching of The Divine Heart-Master Adi Da

by James J. O'Meara <prgm@interport.net>

Shortly after I began to think about writing this article I saw Heart Master Adi Da himself, standing in line at the Long Island City Post Office.

This was doubly strange. First, while Da was born and raised in Long Island, he has spent the better part of the last decade on his own island in Fiji. And second, I glimpsed an earlier incarnation of the spiritual teacher, the one known as Da Free John. Here was what I consider his "classical" form, the one he had when I first began to read and study his teaching two decades ago. He looked like the 1960s Brando: tall, balding at the top, with his remaining hair long and swept back; big, round face, with a paradoxically sharp, hawkish profile. He wore shorts, sandals, and a "tropical" shirt. A Long Island type: Joey Buttafuoco, minus the sleaze.

Was this Adi Da, materializing before me in his native land? I kept my cool. If I had been a real devotee, I would have presumed him to be my master and fallen at his feet, chanting "Da Da Da" in "ecstatic confession". Such appearances would be familiar to me, and such would have been my natural and expected response: heart-felt, literally mind-less worship of his perfect form. My encounter could then be endlessly discussed at group meetings, told as a "leela" or instance of divine teaching play. Even if the man had been a window salesman—as was Adi Da's father—then this unprecedented public humiliation would still have provided an opportunity to observe and transcend the ego.

But I am not a Daist, only a friend of the Daist. To me this encounter was simply a psychic coincidence, as open to spiritual interpretation as anything else in this chaotic universe, the sort of synchronicity that occurs with increasing frequency as one ponders the matter of the spirit and its magic; as is, indeed, taught by Master Adi Da himself.

\*\*\*

After a certain peak of celebrity in the 1970s, master Adi Da dropped from sight. Mention one of his many names today, and people will say, "Oh, yeah, I used to hear about him all the time. What happened to him?"

One problem could be those names. The Divine World-Teacher and True Heart-Master Sri Sri Bhagavan Adi Da, might have a better claim than Prince to be called "*The Guru formerly known as...*" Born as Franklin Albert Jones, he has taken on a series of sacred names: Bubba Free John, Da Free John, Da Love-Ananda, Da Kalki, Santosha Da, and now Avatara Adi Da. (*There's no confirmation of the rumor that he is also Da Chronic, the AOL nemesis.*) Then there were the usual legal hassles from ex-devotees, the move to Fiji, and a radical change in his teaching "style" that led to an exodus of prominent followers. Although he has skillfully diagnosed the cult phenomenon, many write him off as just another Rajneesh.

But to judge only by the blurbs on his over 60 books, the Heart-Master Adi Da is an unparalleled spiritual teacher. His first book, *The Knee of Listening*, was prefaced by Alan Watts: "It looks like we have an avatar here." Ken Wilber, who has called Da "a religious genius of the ultimate degree", is still using his "Seven Stages of Life" framework to structure his latest book, *Sex, Ecology and Spirituality*. And yet the real significance of Adi Da is not his system but his life, a modern American seeker's epic career that climaxes in the realization that seeking is not the answer but the problem itself.

The person who would be Franklin Jones, *et alia*, was born in Long Island in 1939, the son of a window salesman. According to his first book, *The Knee of Listening*, he was fully enlightened at birth. But to fulfill his teaching destiny, Franklin Jones voluntarily relinquished his enlightened condition, which he calls "The Bright". He embarked on a thirty-year quest, during which he would submit his body-mind to every spiritual path and technique he encountered. He began as an American would, with an Emersonian optimism and disdain for tradition taken to a logical limit that only Emerson's enemies could have dreamed up:

I would begin an experimental life along the same lines which controlled the mood of our civilization...No experience posed a barrier to me. There were no taboos, no extremes to be prevented. There was no depth of

To be a religious man, one must destroy everything—destroy the past, destroy one's convictions, interpretations, deceptions—destroy all self-hypnosis—destroy until there is no centre; you understand, no centre.

—Krishnamurti



madness and no limit of suffering that my philosophy could prevent, for if it did, I would be liable to miss the lesson of reality. Thus I extended myself even beyond my own fear. And my pleasures also became extreme, so there was a constant machine of ecstasy.

When the machine of ecstasy had "exhausted my seeking" there was an awakening in his rooms off Broadway:

In a moment, I experienced a total revolution of energy and awareness in myself... I felt absolutely mad, but the madness was not of a desperate kind. There was no seeking and no dilemma within it, no question, no unfulfilled motive, not a single object or presence outside myself.

...In that great moment of awakening I knew the truth was not a matter of seeking...I saw that we are, at any moment, always and already free. I knew that I was not lacking anything I needed yet to find, nor had I ever been without such a thing. The problem was the seeking itself, which "created" and enforced contradiction, conflict, and absence within.

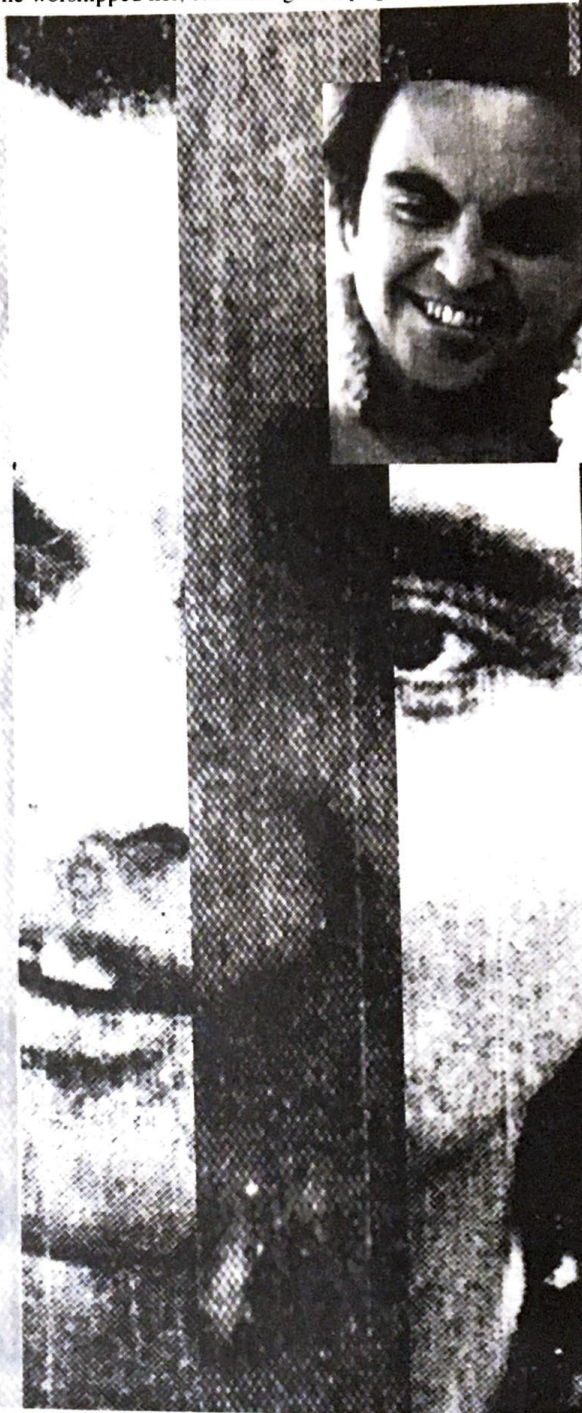
Da continued the Emersonian path, moving from teacher to teacher and entering the creative writing program at Stanford, where he wrote a thesis on Gertrude Stein. He also kept a journal in which he described every moment of consciousness in the most minute detail. Along with some of the early government drug experiments, this journal led Da to discover the controlling logic of consciousness. Da believed that the trauma of birth creates a condition of "vital shock": the recoil of consciousness from the conditions of life. The ego is the habitual, moment-to-moment repetition of this recoil, an unconscious contraction from life that shuts down our natural bliss. Da compares it to the compulsive clenching of the fist. On this basis we presume suffering, and conduct our various searches, spiritual and hedonistic, for the goal of happiness.

A series of visions and synchronicities led him back to New York, where he became a disciple of Rudi, a big, vital, homosexual, antique dealer. Rudi was a rogue Gurdjieffian, and he straightened out Franklin Jones's life through various basic life disciplines ("Get a job and come back in six months" was Rudi's first instruction). Jones then decided to seek out the source of Rudi's "force", his own guru, Swami Muktananda. After an almost immediate Awakening with Muktananda, Da went on to contact Muktananda's deceased guru, Swami Nityananda, and various other yogic masters in the subtle realm.

After a number of excruciating pains in the brain core, Da's sahasrah chakra, the highest yogic terminal, was severed. No longer withdrawn and concentrated above, spiritual energy now radiated effortlessly in all directions

from his heart. Having transcended "brain mysticism", he lived simply in the causal realm.

There was one final adventure, the maddest of all. Suddenly, in India, Jones was confronted by a vision of the Virgin Mary. His first response was "huge laughter" Then he worshipped her, embarking on a pilgrimage



James J. O'Meara has experienced visitations from the spirit of Guy Debord. Maybe he'll tell you about it, if you jangle his email...

through the Holy Land, giving himself over to the ecstatic states of a Christian mystic, and thus "boiling off" the last Christian archetypes in his psychic being. He began to relate to her directly as the universal Goddess, the active power in creation.

Returning to America, he began to meditate on the grounds of the Vedanta Society in Los Angeles. Here, he completed his play with the Goddess, uniting with her



completely and becoming a Tantric Hero with the ability to transform anything into a vehicle of liberation. He began to feel a call to teach, having acquired the essentials for a teaching style of "crazy wisdom", or "holy madness", through his tantric mastery of the Goddess.

As disciples (mostly "the scum of the earth") began dropping by, he soon realized that neither silence nor books and sermons were enough. His students were expected to give up seeking ("Come to me when you are already happy" was his maddening refrain) and instead simply begin to live natural human lives. Homosexuality, multiple marriage, and other "non-standard" modes of sexuality were neither encouraged nor prohibited; no single form was "ideal". Always the question was: does this, for me, at this time, free or bind my attention?

Once he came out of his shell, Da Free John was the most uninhibited player of the Tantric Hero game since Gurdjieff. If his devotees were still clinging to experience, hoping for consolation, he would show them what experience was! Armed with an infectious sense of humour, and all the powers of a fully realized yogi, he recreated the "machine of ecstasy" among his communion. Smoking, drinking, feasting, water-pistol attacks, wife-swapping, pornographic movies watched and made, kriyas (spontaneous yogic movements), kundalini awakenings—you name it, New Age bud.

This chaos was documented in *Garbage and the Goddess*, a book so crazy that the communion bought back all the copies they could. The Goddess is experience, of however high a level, and it is all garbage:

The Guru's perfect function is to undermine all this, to make the world show itself. He makes the Goddess pull down her pants, and then you can see her asshole...

Muktanada used to say, "Yield to the Goddess," and that is not the principle. The Goddess used to say, "Yield to me," and I fucked her brains loose.

For a prospective devotee, the appeal of Da Free John's crazy wisdom was obvious: here was a guru who had explored all possible modifications of consciousness and strategies, realized their limitations, and abandoned them. The devotee can thus learn to enter them, progressing through each stage while recognizing the recoil of consciousness and eventually learning simply not to do it. Each stage is a free evolutionary achievement, not, as with both the "ordinary man" and the spiritual seeker, a new source of bondage posing as the final enlightenment:

You can't surrender something that you don't recognize to be garbage. So you've got to recognize it. But I'll tell you right now—it is all garbage! All of these precious experiences, all this philosophy... None of them is the Divine. They are garbage.

Free of bondage to experience, the devotee's attention can learn to locate its root in blissful Consciousness prior to all experience. This felt awareness is awakened first by the guru. Thereafter, the guru serves as what chaos theoreticians might call a *strange attractor*, preventing the devotee from refocusing on experience, and leading her, through a kind of sympathetic magic, to perfect "Identification with the Condition of the Spiritual Master". This is not "self improvement". (What self? What goal?) By economizing our use of attention, and fixing it on the fascinating, supremely lovable form of the guru, we will be able to sacrifice everything.

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In the 80s, the tale of the crazy guru takes an odd turn. After apparently settling with some disgruntled ex-devotees for a tidy sum out of court, Da Free John decided that an island paradise beyond the scope of American law would be a better place to set up than Northern California. He and his followers, perhaps inspired by the Marlon Brando vibe, bought an island in Fiji from Raymond Burr (another big man with a taste for privacy). Surrounded by his followers, Da seemed more like Colonel Kurtz than Fletcher Christian, literally worshipped like a god; indeed, as God himself.

After a 1986 spiritual crisis of apocalyptic proportions (or perhaps physical exhaustion after months of spiritual partying), Da withdrew entirely from teaching. Now he devotes himself to "universal blessing", and his devotees attempt to achieve enlightenment through the mere contemplation of his physical form, which is a perfect manifestation of the Divine life.

The books had changed as well. Worst of all, they were filled with gushing, photo-illustrated *leelas* from spacey devotees. The Dawn Horse emblem was now a cute little unicorn. Books which had once deconstructed the pretenses of conventional politics (*Scientific Proof of the Existence of God Will Soon Be Announced by the White House* contains some of the most inspiring and practical essays on anarchist social organization ever written) now had long postscripts demanding a world government to protect their copyrights. The texts themselves, which once had used occasional capitals to indicate "transcendental significance", now looked like screaming messages from Internet newbies with stuck shift keys. Worst of all, they were filled with gushing, photo-illustrated testimonies from spacey devotees. Yuck.

In *Holy Madness*, a 1991 book about "holy fools and rascal gurus", Georg Feuerstein includes a concise critique of Da Love-Ananda and the Free Daist Communion. Feuerstein was easily the most important scholar to actually have been a devotee, and he'd left the group out of



disgust with the "mindless submission to fellow aspirants". The devotees I met would talk about the ecstatic moment when they were able, while swimming near Him, to drink the water that had passed over His Divine Chest. It was as if all that wild wisdom had been zeroed into a teenage crush on a fat guy in Fiji.

How did this happen? How did someone described by Robert Masters as "a lucid wonder...overflowing with sublime intelligence and heartfelt wisdom" wind up "at the centre of a hive abuzz with...incredibly naïve sincerity and disgusting adulation?"

Rival guru Lee Lozowick may have been on target with his parody issue of Da's *Crazy Wisdom* magazine, called *Lazy Wisdom*. One of Mr. Lee's devotees says:

Da gives Americans what they want, what they are impressed by, what one would expect from a spiritual Master... His students get fascinated with power, with slickness, with appearances. They set up hierarchies that actually obstruct Da's influence.

Personally, I initially found the reluctance to teach that has characterized Da's public life reassuring: this was no "I was born to teach you" guru-fanatic. Now, I am not so sure. Da's natural inclination to Indian spirituality seems to have combined with his (narcissistic?) urge for privacy to produce a neo-Indian cult that keeps devotees fascinated and happy, "making progress" within a fixed scheme of seven stages while still at an arm's length from any real contact with "Beloved".

Unfortunately, the weird typefaces and Indian cultism have distracted attention from the real value of Da's life and work: the existence of a Western, American, indeed Long Island, spiritual hero. Franklin Jones was someone like us, a twentieth-century American, and therefore, in accordance with Emerson's paradox, able to be original. As Richard Geldard wrote, Emerson had "a dual quality of following an ancient thread of thought to its proper end and of reflecting a new revelation not depending on any historical precedent."

The trick to living, and thinking, in a chaotic, post-modern, postwestern world, is to be able to penetrate and master the available world traditions to such an extent that one can then respond spontaneously, naturally, originally, in every moment. While Master Adi Da once exemplified this mastery, he seems to have allowed his natural inclination toward traditional Indian spirituality to overwhelm the pull of spontaneity, thereby creating just another sentimental eastern cult transplanted to the west. If the emerging integral consciousness requires, as Feuerstein has written elsewhere, the conscious recapitulation of all the prior modes of religious experience, we can say that Adi Da has allowed the earlier, guru-centric mode to recapture him.

Scholar-practitioners like Feuerstein and Andrew Harvey (who has recently broken with Mother Meera, apparently over her un-Da-like attitude to homosexuality) have been trying to work beyond this guru mode altogether. Feuerstein envisions a postmodern, dialectical relationship, where information (and humour) pass freely between devotee and guru. Harvey would replace the guru with spiritual friends traversing the same endless path.

Things may be changing for Da as well. Now that Fiji is just another Net address, his isolation is more Ted Turner than Howard Hughes. A web site appeared (<http://www.he.tdl.com/~FDAC>), and won an Internet "Top 5%" award. An excellent new anthology called *The Heart's Shout* has appeared, with a minimum of italics and no gushing tributes from devotees.

The "New Standard Edition" of *The Knee of Listening* is not a white-wash but a snazzy, illustrated, annotated presentation of the complete manuscript. We can read about Da's first guru, Robert the cat, and his reaction to the news that his mother had fallen down the stairs: hysterical laughter. Of course he was high as a coot at the time—and the new edition gives many more detailed accounts of Da's apparently extensive drug use. This is definitely the Trickster, not the Beloved One.

Perhaps Da's whole Fiji period has been a Teaching phase, the most elaborate guise of the Trickster yet. Or I may be the Queen of Rumania. Whatever tricks he may still have in store, we have in the works of Adi Da a priceless record of spiritual development within our Western context. They give more than a little guidance toward a truly postmodern, whole-body, culturally integrated, chaotic theology.

Spiritual life is a crisis...Everything I am doing is a means to bring about this crisis. I desire this crisis in you. I don't want it not to happen. I don't want to console you. I don't want you to be happy in your unconsciousness. I want you to become sensitive to your actual state. I want you to know very well what you are always up to. I want you to become capable of seeing yourself under all kinds of conditions. I want you to see the machine of your ordinary activity. And I want it all to collapse.

—Franklin "Adi Da" Jones

I am chaos. I am  
the substance  
from which your  
artists and scien-  
tists build  
rhythms. I am the  
spirit with which  
your children and  
clowns laugh in  
happy anarchy. I  
am chaos. I am  
alive, and I tell  
your that you are  
free.

—Principia

Discordia, or, How  
I Found Goddess  
And What I Did To  
Her When I Found  
Her





# ANARCHY, AUTHORITY, AND NON-DUALISM

## "Crazy Wisdom" and the Esoteric Hipster by J.P. Harpignes

Most countercultural types are secular cynics who resist authority—generally for excellent reasons. Because of this, the hierarchy and asceticism of most spiritual paths fill them with virulent disdain. Even for that uncomfortably liminal group of hipsters inclined toward esoteric spirituality, the question of Spiritual Authority is a big Gordian Knot, a demon blocking "the Way".

Yet there is a style of spirituality that strikes a resonant chord with the anarcho-bohemian sensibility. "Crazy wisdom" is radical, nondualist, and "meta-moral". It pops up in myriad forms in virtually every culture. In Christianity we have St. Simeon, Mark the Mad, the "holy fool" St. Francis, weird desert fathers, bug-eyed Russian Orthodox holy men, and of course Jesus in his wilder revolutionary moments. Islam gives us those zany *madzub* or "drunken" Sufis, like Rumi's legendary and elusive trickster teacher Shems-i-Tabriz. India has its Bauls, Avadhutas, and hash-smoking Masts along with its wild gurus, who range from the ancient forest rishis through Ramakrishna to modern eccentrics like Swami Nityananda, Meher Baba and Neem Karoli Baba. From Tibet come the classic legends of Marpa's relentless torture of his disciple Milarepa and the obscene antics of Drukpa Kunley. Taoist lore is almost defined by its feisty antinomian wanderers, contemptuous of politics and social norms, a tradition carried into Ch'an and Zen with the ferocious antics of Bodhidharma, Rinzai and Hakuin.

The uncompromising integrity and radical authenticity of these traditions are very appealing. Totally unconcerned with social constraints or political authority, the "crazy wisdom" masters are ruthless awakeners, jolting disciples awake using "any means necessary". Interestingly (and with some very notable exceptions), they are often accepted and respected by the far more numerous sects of conventional ascetics in their traditions. Their behavior and "chaotic" methodology are viewed as genuine, if puzzling, expressions of enlightenment, and most traditions make room for "crazy" fringes in their fold.

For impatient postmoderns, attracted to the idea of a crash course in instant awakening, crazy wisdom sounds better than twenty years in a monastery watching your breath with no guarantees of anything. But ironically, and despite its radically subversive stance, the "crazy wisdom guru" style is potentially even more authoritarian than conventional spiritual hierarchies. Instead of a clearly delineated set of rules, the student faces wildly unpredictable behavior from a master who is considered the only possible doorway to "enlightenment" and whose actions cannot be questioned or even understood, since only an enlightened being can comprehend another. In nearly all these traditions, complete submission to the master is seen as essential. Some schools indulge in personality cults more than others, but the absolute authority of the teacher is a given. This is not compatible with modern notions of democratic egalitarianism (but then again, neither is corporate capitalism). In its ideal form, crazy wisdom is a genuine meritocracy, but since no one but the master can judge attainment, everything depends on that lone authority figure. Catch-22.

In many classical traditions, the inevitable abuses from such concentrated power were kept in check by the cohesiveness of the culture and the existence of a larger spiritual community that managed to monitor its own. Even today, if a Tibetan lama commits proven excesses, he will likely be reprimanded, perhaps ultimately by the Dalai Lama. This does not prevent serious problems, but it does contain them, especially if the leader is deeply respected and ethical (as the current Dalai Lama certainly seems to be). But most "traditions" are far more fragmented than Tibetan Buddhism, and hybrid, syncretic and freshly fabricated religions are proliferating wildly. Add to this the bizarre epiphenomena that result when alien cultures collide—and archaic or feudal concepts are superimposed onto vertiginously mutating late-20th-century consciousness—and then toss in the profound psychological wounds most people stumble around with,

J.P. Harpignes  
does not care for  
computers, but  
enjoys television.



and it's not hard to predict that scandals involving spiritual teachers will be the norm, not the exception. Crazy wisdom can lead to big trouble.

The controversies surrounding some recent well-known wild gurus illustrate this point. Chogyam Trungpa, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh and Da Love (Bubba Free John) Ananda—all highly intelligent, original thinkers with large followings that included influential authors, artists, and professionals—suffered major scandals. Da, who is still alive, had a smaller following, and his travails were of a smaller scale, but Trungpa and Rajneesh created astounding disasters in their wake. Trungpa left behind a brilliant legacy, including great books and the Naropa Institute, but his drunken excesses in life and his catastrophic succession offer classic cautionary tales. (Osel Tendzin, Trungpa's chosen successor, knew he was HIV positive and passed the virus on to several unknowing disciples during unprotected sex.) Rajneesh wrote several brilliant and often hilarious tomes, rich with withering and pointed socio-psychological critiques of modern life—his radical and incisive attacks on marriage and conventional romantic entanglements rank with Wilhelm Reich's deconstruction of the nuclear family. But the dysfunctional and aborted utopia which grew around him turned into a self-destructive hippie gulag.

Granted, scandals abound among fundie Christians, Catholics, and supposedly ascetic teachers like Mukta-nanda, Sogyal Rinpoche, Guru Mai and Swami Rama. It's not just the crazy gurus who get into deep shit. But whatever its merit, the totalizing concept of a flawless, enlightened and divine teacher just doesn't work in our epoch and culture. The idea of "enlightenment" as an absolute state that defines all existence, and that can be spoken about with authority only by those very few who claim to have attained it, is simply too dangerous within our contemporary context. In traditional cultures, "wild wisdom" teachings were often revealed only after long, arduous grounding in more conventional lessons and ethics, or at the very least took place in the context of a cohesive cultural matrix. While these sophisticated teachings remain a valuable part of the ideological ecosystem, that ecosystem is now as frayed and unstable as its material counterpart—and equally vulnerable to fanatical, lethal and mutant viruses.

These days, wild wisdom teachings are openly available in the spiritual supermarket of our fluid, fragmented culture, and they often attract a certain type of (slightly) unhinged character who is prone to extreme forms of romantic inflation. Even more serious is the tendency for things to become their opposite, as Gurdjieff, himself a fascinating but problematic wild teacher, explained in his

"law of octaves". Antinomian rebellion often devolves into elitist and fanatical authoritarianism.

While "enlightenment" and "transmission"—the core concepts of nearly every esoteric tradition—are very problematic constructs, I am nonetheless glad that sincere followers keep the various classical traditions alive. To join the cynical, secular, rationalist, disembodied, and psychically crippled "scientific" intellectuals in their snide dismissal of spirituality is moronic—akin to throwing out diamonds because there's some shit on them. The world's wisdom traditions contain our species' most sophisticated philosophical legacy. There's tremendous juice there, though drinking it without choking is not always easy. Many extraordinary states of cognition and action can be attained, states that are far more integral than the pathetic somnolence that passes for "normality". There are those who know much more about some of these states than the rest of us intuitively-challenged folk; they can teach us how to access and navigate them and can sometimes "transmit" a point nonverbally.

The cruel dilemma facing the sincere but hip searcher is that the highest caliber of this type of information usually comes wrapped in authoritarian strings. At the same time, sampling some elements from traditions and discarding others is a tricky business, liable to distort the picture and leave you with not much of use. There is no easy solution.

Perhaps the new millennium demands [of the few who are capable of it] an ability to be "multiple amphibians" à la Aldous Huxley's phrase. People well versed in the intellectual rigors of rationality but able to plunge in fearlessly and surf the metarational realms with open hearts and minds. People freed of the addiction to absolute Truth, able to shift perspectives and to sincerely and assiduously explore traditions within their own contexts. People who are good-natured but ruthlessly self-examining; who are critically observant but compassionate; who are willing to take drastic action—as we will have to if we are to avoid terminal ecocide—but who also know when to get out of the way. Neither true believers nor cynics. Nimble fluid but profoundly centered and rooted in impeccable, exquisite appropriateness. For those of us with open eyes, who are trying to wiggle through the chaos towards Millennium3.0, this post-postmodern *wu wei* might be the only Tao left in town.

Become mad  
with a method...  
consciously mad.  
—Bhagwan  
Shree Rajneesh





# Chaos, Harmony, and Healing: From a Taoist Doctor's Case Notes

by Rachel K.

Armchair Taoists often fall into the easy trap of mistaking the appealing Taoist concepts of "non-doing" and spontaneous flow for simple descriptions of a laid-back lifestyle. But once one is brought into a *living* relationship with Taoism through arts like tai chi, meditation, and medical practice, or through exposure to actual teachers and long-time practitioners, one quickly realizes that the path is paved with effort. Any serious student of tai chi is expected to train for hours each day. In certain martial arts training, vigorous and painful stance posture regimes act to realign and restructure a student's native skeletal imbalance. This is a kind of human "bonsai" art—hardly "natural". And yet, in every tai chi class I have ever observed or attended, no matter how excruciating the posture correction, "naturalness" is exactly what the teacher would smile and demand.

Of course, the whole issue of being "natural" is fraught with confusion, even within the Taoist tradition of personal cultivation. From the wandering mystical anarchists who professed to live in the moment to the organized ascetic and monastic sects of later centuries, a wide array of practices devoted to promoting longevity and enlightenment emerged, some of which seem highly "unnatural". Was it natural for women adepts to reverse their energy centres and intentionally induce amenorrhea? Was it natural for men to control their ejaculations? Was it natural to exist on a diet of herbs and breath alone, as the ascetic mountain hermits were said to do? While some Taoists sought spontaneous and ecstatic merger with nature, others sought to understand nature and her laws so that they could outwit her, attaining immortality and transcendence.

Clearly, whichever of these seemingly opposite goals one strives for, the "natural" and spontaneous flow of the Way is no free ride. It is usually only accessed through rigorous techniques designed to develop personal mastery over our ordinary states of habituation, acquired personality

and conditioned reality. This personal cultivation of centeredness, relaxation and harmonious flow serves to open up the experience of what the Taoist scholar N.J. Girardot calls "chaotic wholeness", or "the primordial chaos order of the Tao".

As with the concept of naturalness, the relationship between chaos and harmony (or order) is interpreted differently by various Taoist scholars. In *Taoist Mystical Philosophy: the Scripture of Western Ascension*, Livia Kohn writes that:

Inherently the Tao is order; like nature it is rhythmic in its changes and predictable in its developments. It can be analyzed and described in its ordered patterns—but these patterns are only its periphery, its outside, not its central essence.





But as Girardot points out in *Myth and Meaning in Early Taoism*, this "order" is radically different than our conventional understanding of the term:

The dilemma of the relativity of all orders, which is itself an Order, is for the early Taoists above all related to the mythological idea of a self-actualized (*tzu-jan*) order of creation and nature. The secret of life, the mystical secret of salvation, is to return to the primitive chaos-order of "chaosmos" of the Tao.

This primordial concept of order stands in contrast to the order carved out by human law and government, or the imposed constraints of conventional habits and social codes. In fact the Taoist practitioner must reject those relative "orders" to get to something far more essential. As Girardot writes, "in going against the grain of the world, the Taoist is essentially recapitulating the process of creation and striving to experience the condition of chaotic wholeness that existed at the beginning...before the creation of the world."


The entry into chaos and the embrace of the Tao can suffuse one's being with an ecstatic wholeness that resonates upon reentry to ordinary life, creating a positive impact in the outside world. But it is the personal cultivation of harmonious and embodied centeredness that first creates the possibility of this "return" to primordial flow.

The importance of centeredness in ecstatic spiritual pursuits has been vividly illustrated to me when called upon to examine and treat patients under the influence of psychedelics such as ayahuasca, psilocybin, and LSD. Those who are well-grounded in spiritual practice, or simply at home in themselves, generally derive valuable insights from their forays into the chaotic realms these substances open up. In addition, those who had consciously prepared themselves through dietary and physical regimes seem to suffer less profound or long-term physical organ damage—because, at least from a traditional Chinese diagnostic perspective, these substances definitely create short- and/or long-term disharmonies of *qi*, blood, *jing* and *shen*.

However, having been called upon once to "bring down" a young girl in her 36th hour of tripping on LSD, I was immediately and shockingly made aware of the potential perils of merging with primordial chaos. Similarly, when ministering to patients giving birth, an even more powerful encounter with primordial chaos and spontaneity. I have observed that those women with the most conscious spiritual, psychological, and especially physical preparation seem to have the most potent and transformative experiences. In Taoism, the development of physical vitality is viewed as a *sine qua non* in the pursuit of spiritual attainment—hence the profusion of Taoist martial, gymnastic, yogic, and medical techniques. According to Livia Kohn:

Unlike in most other mystical traditions, in China the physical body, as opposed to the "personal body" or self...is not the part that has to be suppressed and overcome. Rather, one's physical so-being is a positive basis for mystical attainments... If there is no physical being, no vessel of the spirit, then there can be no foundation of the Tao to work with. To attain perfect oneness, one must first reach perfect health.

Of course, "perfect health" is an unrealizable ideal in the world of the flesh. Barbie-doll perfection is anathema to Taoism, in which human health mirrors both the predictable rhythms and spontaneous mutability of the natural world. With its rigorous practices, the Taoist path begins with a disciplined willingness to experience fleshy existence in all its cranky discomfort and "natural" limitations. But it holds out the possibility of both rooted engagement in the world and cosmic re-connection to the ecstatic realms of original chaos.



Dance, when you're broken open.  
Dance, if you've torn the bandage off.  
Dance in the middle of the fighting.  
Dance in the blood.  
Dance, when you're perfectly free.

—Rumi





# JFK's Chaos Theory

by Sparrow

The execution of JFK created Chaos Theory. Before that, there was Chaos, but no Theory. Why? *The President's head had never exploded.* Lincoln was shot in the head, but posed serenely in his death photo (as he did in his life



Sparrow is the  
mastermind  
behind the East  
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you a poem.

FRINGE WARE REVIEW  
10.42

photos): "Now he belongs to the ages." But there were no soothing words at the death of JFK—just hysteria. (I recall, of course, Mr. Hassett walking, clearly disturbed, into our 5th grade class, with the news, and Stephen Shrager, who sat next to me, *laughing*. So I laughed. And David Wolfthall said, stunned, "It's my *birthday*." Chaos Theory was born.) No calm words, just images—of the trembling John-John, now a famous Hunk, quaveringly saluting at the funeral. (Was that a *photo*, or a frozen *video*? This sort of confusion began that day.)

*The President's Plane is Missing* was a small-potatoes Nuclear Threat book, then movie, of the Kennedy administration. But *The President's brain is missing* became the subsequent cry, and 19 months later, Harvey Cox began the *God is dead* movement at Harvard Divinity school. If the President had no brain, God had no existence. And The Beatles arrived, to prove that adults no longer ruled the world. Children became adults, the Prez had no brain, LBJ (the new Leader) *pulled the ears of his dogs* on TV. The Dharma was lost, Chaos ruled. Did you ever read the opening pages of *The Mahabharata*?

Recently I found two books in the garbage outside the Bryn Mawr Book Store: *Who Killed Kennedy?*, Thomas G. Buchanan (G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1964) and *Best Evidence: The Disguised and Deception In The Assassination of John F. Kennedy*, David S. Lifton (Dell, New York, 1980). The former was the *first* book to uncover the *plot*, the latter the *last*, as of 1980. One can see how the Chaos of JFK Theory has grown from a generalized tone of outrage to a minute (920pp.) examination of medical and Secret Service records. *Best Evidence* painstakingly *proves* that Kennedy did not inhabit his own casket. So what? In a penultimate (11pp.) chapter, Lifton explains that this means the CIA killed him. Which is reassuring. And in a final, one page chapter, Kennedy is quoted publicly reading, the June before his death, "the famous speech of Blanche of Spain in Shakespeare's *King John*":

The Sun's o'ercast with blood; Fair day, Adieu!  
Which is the side that I must go withal?  
I am with both; each army had a hand,  
and in their rage, I having hold of both,  
they whirl asunder and dismember me.

Suddenly we can ever understand *Shakespeare*! It all fits together—like the pieces of Kennedy's head. The President's brain has returned, and is speaking to us from the grave, like in *Hamlet*!—and telling us who killed him. The Chaos, if you embrace it...

The problem, Van Cleve explained, was that although the Secret Service has transferred items 1 through 9 on the April... document to the Kennedys, the Kennedys had not transferred everything to the Archives—specifically, certain articles described in item 9 were gone. This had been discovered in October 1966, at the time of the original donation. Van Cleve, Kelley reported, said that "a careful search was made... and they cannot be found in the Archives." Included in item 9 were slides of tissue sections of the wounds. Also included was "1 stainless-steel container 7in in diameter X 8in containing gross material." Inside the container, supposedly, was President Kennedy's brain.



...which leads to the Answer. Then, like Hamlet, we must act. We must...hmm.

I'll tell you what I do. Every Thursday night at 6pm I begin fasting. Friday at 6pm I end my fast. Why? Because Dick Gregory told me to, in Sep75, in a speech at the University of Florida in Gainesville: "Fast each week, and use the spiritual energy you receive to destroy the CIA—but out of love, not out of hate." I still remember his words.

Yes, my fast is a Magical act, a Chaotic act, an absurd act—but so is the *reappearance of Krishna*, for which the prologue of *The Mahabharata* prepares us.



Deprivation has been the classic shamanic technique—5,000 years ago on the Ganges they didn't have electricity or VR goggles so they worked on quieting the mind. I think the more neurologically sensible way is to bombard and overwhelm the little mind.

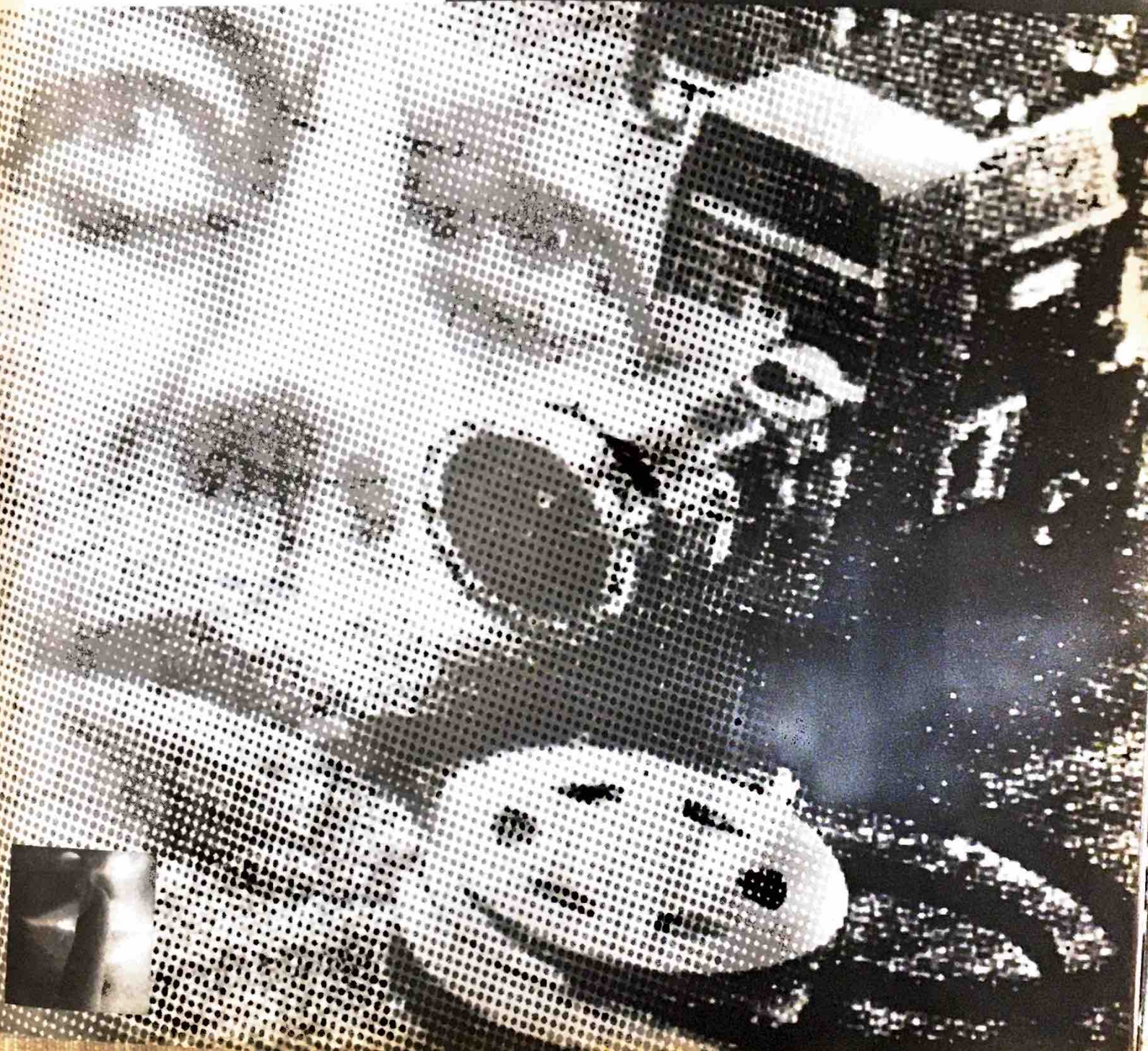
—Timothy Leary

Whether you're facing inward or facing outward, whatever you meet up with, just kill it! If you meet a buddha, kill the buddha. If you meet a patriarch, kill the patriarch. If you meet an arhat, kill the arhat. If you meet your parents, kill your parents. If you meet your kinfolk, kill your kinfolk. Then for the first time you will gain emancipation, will not be entangled in things, will pass freely anywhere you wish to go.

—Lin-Chi

The life of the mind is not one that shuns death and keeps clear of destruction. It endures death and in death maintains its being. It only wins its truth when it finds itself utterly torn asunder.

—Hegel





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# carnival ambivalence

(aphasia mix)

an excerpt from "Flow My Blood the DJ Said"  
by Paul D. Miller <asphodel@interport.net>  
aka DJ Spooky that Subliminal Kid

*Fade In...*

Consider this to be unsaid. I regard this desolate and pollution-ravaged world through many different eyes. I speak to you of the history of the future, of the past and its shadows. Teach your eyes to hear and your ears to see and you will understand what I call reality. This reality that I speak of is a parallax view of a perpetual flow of cultural tropes bereft of connotation or denotation. The lights the noise the drums the dissonant textures are all exploding outwards at a velocity held in check only by the inertia of collective cultural memory. Dance becomes internalized, moving at the speed of thought. The sounds rupture and blur—a cascade of asignifying moments suspended, hovering in the shadow of the mix. Time moves slowly in this locale.

The milieu that I place before your eyes is a psychotropic chimera of infra-media seen through the gaze of a camera lucida, my mindscreen, your mindscreen. What does this incidental drift of overexposed matter—flesh bombarded by neon light in a maelstrom of sound—tell us? That by reducing all things we call reality to the speed of a luminous discharge, the "party", the carnival, has become the total theater of electro-modern youth. It is the archetypal locale for the production of culture. It is ubiquitous.

The festival in our gaze depicts an unseen unsaid unified pre-linguistic cosmos: a place you can only arrive at by suspending disbelief and moving into the immersive turbulent multi-verse of the post-rational.

And what exactly do I mean by the post-rational?

The air screamed and raged around me, alive with the thunders and explosions of the elusive drums of memory. In the distance the horizon burned as if a thousand cities blazed along its tormented edge. Smoke oozed across the ground, denying it nature, as if afraid to rise. Streaks made by silver things that twisted and turned in on themselves scarred the skies. Occasionally there would be a flash and

one of the streaks would end. But there were always others to take its place. As my gaze roved over the ruins of the scarred and bleeding sky, its tears of blood washed over the world. Through the crimson mist I could see the office buildings, tombstones marking the daily death of millions, their silhouettes stretched upwards forever...

*Fade into the words "Context"...*

Context: I speak to you from the ruptures in our respective soundtracks. Across the electromagnetic expanses and through highly-pressurized force fields of bass and drums, the Word moves towards you. Its movement is random: no one knows where it came from or where it's going. It's a progression of panels in an animated comic strip with no time signature. The conjunction of image, colour, text, and typography in the space of its body point to a place where you experience cartographic failure. Your only guide through its coded interior terrain is a set of variables that fluctuate with the vast range and scope of human emotion. Some dreams fade like cheap dyes, bright at the first wear and forever faint thereafter. Reality is never good enough. To think of its end leaves us vertiginous. We stand poised at a precipice of our own imagining. Reality's end is a legend in our time that we bear in mind. Its name takes us out and beyond the reality frame.

*Dissolve...*

The word "Boo!" drifts across your mindscreen. Reverb-drenched laughter echoes out into the expanses of the digital night, until even it is lost in the opaque distance of fleshless looped eyes.





# The Uses of Chaos

by Marcus Boon

## Reenchantment of the Marketplace

Chaos rises once again, in the period of communism's collapse and world domination by the Free Market. This market exhibits many qualities ascribed to non-linear dynamics: (1) it operates as an open, decentered field; (2) it comprises infinitely decomposeable and recomposeable units. Bottom-up networks of economic, biological and social units replace our top-down social organization by nation-states. Academic authority speaks of entering a new era: an alliance of economists and chaos scientists at the Santa Fe Institute discovers how the evolution of organic matter parallels that of the free market, while *Wired* editor Kevin Kelly documents the rise of "neo-biological civilization", and business guru Tom Peters even advises us how to go on "Thriving on Chaos".

Chaos theory could not exist without a strong desire, on the part of potential benefactors, to distinguish between order and disorder. Chaos theory attempts to produce order by generating equations or geometric patterns to describe movement in a complex system, or *flux*. Because chaos theory seeks to ask *whether*—and *not why*—order exists, it leaves open a possibility for spiritual or cosmic explanation of the order found in nature. A mathematical description for the types of order which occur naturally represents a spiritual quest for chaos theory. A demonstration that order found in the marketplace has a natural basis represents a spiritual quest for capitalism. At some point these separate quests converge: the order of nature, the order of science, the order of the marketplace: who can distinguish each agenda?

## Parasites of the Tao?

When first encountering chaos theory, many people find themselves wondering *whether* it concerns chaos or order. This question recurs throughout human history, posed in both scientific and religious contexts.

Consider the Tao...Confucians allegedly infected parts of the *Tao Te Ching* with their bureaucratic scheming, hence some verses are "corrupted" or "nonsensical". But

what if valid Confucian critique of chaos actually threatened the Tao? The classical argument about "usefulness" of the Tao *à la* the Confucians versus "uselessness" of the Tao according to Taoists parallels the attempt by modern science to separate *orderly chaos* from *chaotic chaos*. Similarly, all "use" of the Tao—whether for immortality or the proper functioning of family and state—remains firmly on the side of order. What if chaos were useless, even spiritually bankrupt? Who'd be interested in it then?

The Epicureans embody the other great, ancient, chaos-driven tradition. Epicurean cosmology is endemically chaotic, driven by *clinamen*, that tiny swerve which atoms make as they fall through the void. That swerve doesn't originate outside the atoms: *it's simply their nature to swerve*. To swerve and to protect... This slight swerve consequently organizes atoms into our universe—a notion belied by the phrase "sensitive dependence on initial conditions".

Pleasure—the supreme purpose of human beings, according to Epicurean thought—is linked to the movement of these atoms, and to their relative stasis. Epicurean ethics acknowledge how certain forms of pleasures actually produce more pain, and therefore should be avoided. Therefore pleasure itself forms a kind of chaotic attractor, exploring a diversity of possible delights within limits imposed by pain.

Curiously enough, both Taoists and Epicureans seek to describe a life beyond utility, yet they both return to the usefulness of the useless. French surrealist and philosopher Georges Bataille approached a similar notion when he observed two kinds of activity in both humans and nature: one seeking basic material needs, e.g. food and shelter, while another strives for useless expenditure through wars, non-procreative sexual activity, religion, gambling, etc. Bataille describes expenditure as a type of chaos, defined as an ever-present mode of excess which can never be organized into an ordered system of exchange: "for living matter in general, energy is always in excess...there is generally no growth but only a luxuri-

Chaos comes before all principles of order & entropy, it's neither god nor maggot, its idiot desires encompass & define every possible choreography, all meaningless æthers & phlogistons: its masks are crystallizations of its own facelessness, like clouds.

—Hakim Bey



squandering of energy in every form! The history of life on earth is mainly the effect of a wild exuberance."

The problem of order, for Bataille, cannot be solved by order: chaos already exists within order, and humans must select the form in which they allow chaos to manifest itself. We can waste energy *consciously* through ritual practice, or *unconsciously* via the wars and catastrophes which scar human history. In this sense, Bataille comes very close to chaos-guru Ilya Prigogine, who proposes that order emerges out of dissipative structures in the process of their (inevitable) decomposition.

### Riding Chaos

Capitalism, according to its opponents, strives to accumulate wealth through exploitation of laborers and natural resources. Capital, in a word, is *destructive*. For Bataille and some of his disciples, this destructiveness affirms a cosmic, or at least Nietzschean, principle to which even Mighty Capital must submit: the principle of chaos. According to this logic, capital destroys itself in ever more

chaotic fluxes precisely by trying to achieve greater and greater accumulations of wealth.

So far capital has demonstrated an extraordinary ability to extract profit from chaos. Does our global marketplace actually "thrive on chaos"? The mighty Hakim Bey bases his notion of the *temporary autonomous zone* (TAZ) on a belief that chaos represents capital's anathema, a subversive double of the net on which temporary autonomists can capitalize. But capital itself is quite capable of exploiting the ruptures and breakdowns which it produces. Indeed, could it be the capitalists who've steered us toward a dynamic play between chaos and order? In this sense, the riding of chaos which Bey advocates becomes tautological since everyone, capitalists and autonomists alike, are riding. They just want to ride in different directions.



Science would relinquish all the rational unity to which it aspires for a little piece of chaos that it could explore.

—Gilles Deleuze  
& Felix Guattari

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# Space Junk Grok Funk

At first view, this text would seem highly accessible to, oh say, just about any New-Age bisexual Jewish vegetarian ex-hippie living in northern California...p'haps even intuitive and redundant. In contract, as a second-generation Eye-Rainy-An mathgeek cyberwhatever in central Texas, I find Abraham's "mathematical origins of history and sociology" both refreshing and captivating. Good news is you don't need a math or socsci degree to decode it, either.

In a day when the hippest texts stem from a seemingly endless stream of academicians' postmodern manifestos, Abraham tackles both the History Of The World and biophysical reasons for histories of the world in a straightforward presentation that even most US high school graduates could grok. Outline format and personal voice obscure some narrative flow, but Abraham remains faithful to his Whole Systems foundation by incorporating a delightfully gorgeous array of supporting anecdotes, timelines, maps, biographies, poetry, visualizations, eye candy, etc. Throw in the three dozen small-point pages of bibliography and you could enlighten just about any university curricula.

Cut to the chase: the underlying mathematical concepts shared by a group of people define their history, their mythology, their cultural mores, their political structure, their sexuality, just about everything. You don't believe that? Well, think about this: a tribe which invents the wheel begins to *believe* in circles and cycles and periodic functions. They invent calendars and the process for counting time, along with a world view to sustain that technology. A nation which groks relativistic math develops atom bombs in times of desperation to drop upon the rest of the world, closely followed by a moral structure and economy to defend that behavior. Just imagine how fucked-up the people who are going to invent math for time travel would have been!

Back to Abraham: aside from being the renowned god incarnate of Chaos Math, anyone who can show how subversive geeks rock the free world by tying together Poincaré, Wilhelm Reich, Sumerian linguistics, Riane Eisler, applied hermeticism, Gregory Bateson and *Stranger In A Strange Land* into a rational and emotive argument deserves an extremely careful, objective read. If you've ever enjoyed watching James Burke's *Connec-*

*tions* series on TV, you will devour this book with passion. Dangerous, and to be savored. But I doubt you'll stop there: after a second or third run, you should be able to deconstruct the Old Testament as a derivative work based on Neal Stephenson's *Snow Crash*.

Abraham characterizes the flow of Chaos, Gaia and Eros—aka, Soul, Body and Spirit—throughout our known backlog of history as bifurcations of an ongoing Orphic revival: "The transformation of the social sciences follows the lead of the physical and biological sciences." Within the family of Story, History falls prey to its stronger, more subtle sibling Metaphor, as celestial mechanics compel the growth of climate and biosphere, which in turn gives rise to culture, which then evolves means to redefine its own celestial environment in a pantheon of chaotic attractor basins. Space junk grok funk, and substantive. Meanwhile, forgotten Fringeoid role-models such as Hypatia, Kenneth Boulding, Lewis Richardson, Giordano Bruno, William Whitson, James Lovelock, Sophia Kovalevsky, Immanuel Velikovsky and Jack Wisdom enjoy well-deserved spotlights. Feel piqued? Check for gratuitous and welcome asides to RA's Esalen grokbuddies Terence "Alien DMT Dolly" McKenna and Rupert "Morphogenic Resonance" Sheldrake.

As a mammoth epic treatise documenting cosmic biosociological tectonics, *Chaos, Gaia, Eros* hopes to unseat the domination that science, like any other religion, holds over truth. That's enough to focus a Gemini or enthuse a Sagittarius. Enough to make even hardcore New Agers shut their drivel in respect. As a kid I devoured Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* series wondering, almost praying, that someone somewhere within our lifetime would develop a computable basis for Asimov's notion of "psychohistory"...herein, perhaps, its seed finds genesis.

**Chaos, Gaia, Eros**  
**Ralph Abraham**  
**HarperSanFrancisco, 1994**  
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by Paco Xander Nathan <pacoid@fringeware.com>  
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Issue 18  
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## Luchenko's Third Symphony *The Arcades of Allah* Virgin Records, 2003

by Richard Kadrey <kadrey@well.com>

In the broiling summer of 1997, a battered long-duration space transport came to rest on the dusty plains of Hovsgol Nuruu, in the Russian zone of northern Mongolia. In the control bay of the ship was found the body of Colonel Vasily Borgov Luchenko. For months, Luchenko's ship had been considered lost beyond the Asteroid Belt that separates the Earth from Mars and the outer planets. Unbeknownst to the rest of the world, however, Russian ground crews had begun receiving signals from the lost ship a mere forty-eight hours before it made a computer-controlled emergency landing.

When the ship was down, it was plain to all that the transport had suffered great damage to both its navigational and life support systems. When Luchenko was removed from the craft, his body temperature was below 80° Fahrenheit. Fortunately, members of the medical trauma team that had treated the victims of the Stoli space station disaster were present. They succeeded in raising Luchenko's body temperature sufficiently to safely fly him back to the Laev Hospital in Moscow.

By the end of the week, Colonel Luchenko was pronounced out-of-danger. Six weeks later at a press conference carried live on television and radio, Luchenko first spoke publicly of his encounter with the extraterrestrials he called the Julia Set. In March of the following year, Luchenko's First Symphony (*Songbird in the Abyss*) premiered to enthusiastic reviews in Paris. It was not until his Third Symphony, however, that Luchenko dealt directly with his strange adventure.

Vasily Borgov Luchenko, failed music student, minor poet with a handful of academic publications, was not a man who many would have guessed could inspire such worldwide devotion as now exists. After his dismissal from the state music academy in Leningrad, he was forced to work as an unskilled laborer, cleaning the enormous fish tanks at the Novosk aqua farms. His devotion to music was clear even then, however, as he somehow

completed the libretto for the recently revived Faustian opera, *Stalin in the Wilderness*. His first completely original large-scale work, however, appeared under the most unusual of circumstances.

Among the patients at the Laev Hospital was the Japanese pianist Shigeo Yomiuri, an important figure in the first generation of so-called Silicon Treasures—youths whose natural artistic skills were theoretically augmented by the use of intramuscular nanomachines and cerebral computer implants. Yomiuri, it turned out, was fascinated by astronomy and had been an avid follower of both the Russian and European space programs. Luchenko confessed his interest in music and asked if he might play for Yomiuri a piece that he had been thinking about for some time. He performed the piece on a World War Two-vintage upright piano in the tiny chapel attached to the hospital. This was the starting point for Luchenko's Third Symphony, in which the piece now stands as the fourth canto (*Inter-death*). With Yomiuri's encouragement and promise to record the piece, Luchenko soon developed a plan for a piano suite inspired by his visit with the Julia Set.

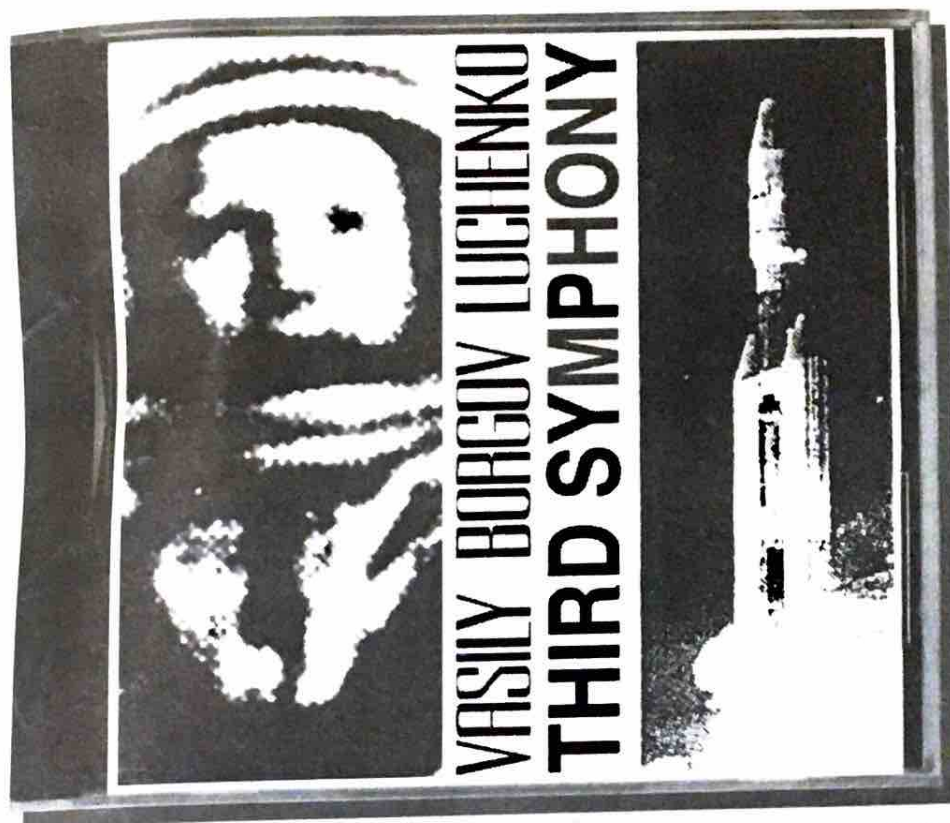
Yomiuri premiered *Inter-death* in Amsterdam the following fall, but already Luchenko was on to bigger things. He realized almost immediately that he needed more room to tell the story of his involvement with space exploration. He put aside *Inter-death* and began writing what became his First Symphony, which told the story of his aborted flight to Mars and his lonely time in space before meeting the Set. He first performed a piano version of the symphony in front of two hundred patients while still in the hospital. The audience included hospital cooks and maintenance workers as well as doctors, members of the music academy faculty, and clergymen. Prepared by Luchenko's comments, they proved extremely receptive, and Luchenko himself later wrote that he had never felt greater joy, attention and better understanding of his art.



Following his release from Laev, Luchenko began work on a concert version of the piece for full orchestra. Following the First Symphony's successful premiere in late 1998 (with Shigeo Yomiuri performing the piano and organ parts), Luchenko retired to the French countryside to begin work on his Second Symphony (*The Iteration of Shiva*). This work, though somewhat less well-received than *The First*, recounts Luchenko's early years as a po-

rigor that he brought to his work that attracted so many followers, including the quasi-religious White Arcades movement, whose tragic involvement in right-wing Japanese politics is well known.

In Luchenko's only published book of poetry, *Conditions and Singularities* (Shambhala Books, 2001), many ideas important to understanding the Third Symphony are to be found. The image of white "arches" (which gave the



etry and piano student, the influence his father (a decorated veteran of the Afghani Wars) had on Luchenko's decision to join the military, and his eventual entry into the cosmonaut program. What makes the Second Symphony notable is that, for the first time, Luchenko combined his music with his poetry, displaying a surprising lyric maturity as he wove a text drawn from many of the world's greatest religions together with ruminations on chaos theory and theoretical physics.

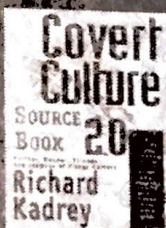
Luchenko's whole artistic output was based on deep spiritual roots growing out of an early disaffection from the Catholic church and an interest in Eastern spiritual practices. Mixed with his strong grounding in science, these practices led him to both a musical and a belief system that he likened to space exploration. He always insisted that he was not a mystic, but simply a cosmonaut of music whose task consisted in the tonal exploration of the universe. The texts sung by the chorus in his Second and Third Symphonies, often misunderstood and sometimes bitterly attacked, aim at nothing more than a complete explication of this vision. Indeed, it was the scientific

White Arcadists their name) recurs throughout. In his introduction to the book, Luchenko spoke of the Muslim prophet Mohammed's hearing the word of God in the desert, and likened this to his own time with the Julia Set, although he then went on to explain that he had received no "revelations" from the aliens in the biblical sense, and that his communication with the Set was limited. Indeed, the differences in their modes of thought were so profound that he likened the experience to being "locked for months in a room with a lobster and trying to establish a dialog."

But the idea of the chaotic mutability of Space and Time (and presumably the Afterlife), the actual subject of the Third Symphony, came to him while he was with the Set. After Luchenko's return to Earth, his whole artistic output was an attempt to reach a new relationship between chaos theory and music, a relationship in some ways much closer to computer programming than to traditional compositional techniques. His use of melodic "iteration", the almost infinite expansion of a theme by the application of simple mathematical formulas, was related to Indian music, the Minimalist movement, and the science of fr---l



RK's second SF novel, *Kamikaze L'Amour*, was recently published by St. Martin's Press.



geometry. Indeed, the idea of *fr---*ls was central to the Third Symphony, both in the sung texts and in the music. Luchenko's name for the aliens, the Julia Set, referred to drawings and equations produced by two French mathematicians during World War One which were considered to be the first primitive expression of what later came to be called the Mandelbrot Set; Luchenko's extraterrestrials apparently resembled certain *fr---*l shapes, and, Luchenko implied, may have even been "living" *fr---*ls. The glyphs in the white arcades were *fr---*ls, receding infinitely into the arches on which they were "carved". But it was in the final movement of the symphony that Luchenko made his ultimate statement on Chaos: testing the bounds of tonality and rhythm, he created a musical equivalent of the Set's vehicle, which he described not as a ship in the ordinary sense, but as a "consciously-directable singularity" and a "theological equation".

The Third Symphony is large, and not divided into traditional movements. Luchenko wanted to leave room for the piece to expand and contract differently with each performance, and he did not believe that one could properly break the "turbulent" structure of his music into smaller parts. Nevertheless, in his conductor's notes he described the piece as having eight "cantos". Here are the composer's own words on his music:

**Canto 1. Prayer of Fire.** Five in the morning, the ship leaves the launch pad; a solo soprano sings of flight, her voice surrounded by the buzzing of the orchestra which resonates with other voices: a fog of prayers, doubts, fears, the commands of the mission controllers, and the international telecommunications web fed by all the world's antennæ—a metal forest of infinite complexity. Extend this to the spiritual level and you find the voice of God as it is embedded in the phrase "*Allah akbar*" and the coordinates of a Lorenz Attractor.

**Canto 2. Colour is a degree of darkness allied to Shadow.** Goethe's famous quote. Light (colour) is the language of *fr---*l time, of angels. The brass conjure the overwhelming, burning light that is the ship moving upwards through the atmosphere, then the pointillism of star shine. Later, the theme is iterated to indicate the flickering lights on the consoles of the malfunctioning computers. The piano softly plays the first version of the Chaos theme, as the ship enters into the maelstrom of the Asteroid Belt. The Gamelan section for percussion and strings is the sound of broken heat shields striking the hull of the ship.

**Canto 3. A Newtonian Nightmare.** For chorus alone. Trapped in Time, moving exhausted through empty space. Different sections of the chorus begin and end at will, in opposition to Newtonian mathematics. They sing religious texts relating to fear and enlightenment. Jesus in the

wilderness. Buddha under the Bo tree, Mohammed receiving the words of Allah.

**Canto 4. Inter-death.** Piano overlaps with the dwindling voices of singers. This is the zone of no hope. Iteration of the Gamelan section, as the ship is further damaged by asteroid fragments. Breakdown of the ship's recyclers. The cosmonaut's bodily waste trails from the recycling units, like the fringed edges of a Mandelbrot Set.

**Canto 5. The Abyss is the Infinite Mosque.** The mosque is the singularity inhabited by the Julia Set. A long and infinitely slow string figure is contrasted by a scherzo for brass and winds which describes the *fr---*l light through which lie the white arcades. The orchestra plays in a mode based on north African scales; a male tenor imitates the call of the muezzin, while the percussion keeps the *fr---*l pulse:  $x-x^{-2}$ .

**Canto 6. Light is the Language of Shadow.** Look at something impossible, like the face of God. A creature that lives in Time and three dimensions suddenly encounters fractional time and space. Words long longer function; the chorus sings vowels, syllables, almost making words, but never completing them. Stare into the carving in the white arcades. They are like a Menger sponge, an artifact with an infinite volume, yet zero surface area. Stare hard enough, you seem to merge with the arcades, and are shot headlong down rivers of pure chaos. Is this the language of the Set or the voice of God in the desert?

**Canto 7. Escape Time Algorithm.** This carries echoes of the first, second, and sixth cantos. Back inside the Asteroid Belt, but outside it at the same time. The iteration of identity. Look through the glyphs on the white arcades and watch the ship return to Earth. Look at the ship's screens and see the arcades grow distant. On the ship, the cosmonaut dreams of familiar colours and shapes, of melodies hidden in light. Soon the voices begin—voices from Earth. The cosmonaut cannot answer. The chorus is echoed by the orchestra as the cosmonaut in the ship sings to the cosmonaut in the arcades, who sings back to the other on his way to Earth.

**Canto 8. Hymn of Turbulence.** The whole orchestra here, fading to a violin/piano duet, expands on the Chaos theme. Finally, only the piano is left, the melodic iterations having lead back to the original version of the Chaos theme. (The piece may end here or, if the orchestra is willing, it may continue from where the Chaos theme first appears at the end of Canto 2. This repetition can be continued indefinitely; the piece is, technically, endless.)

\*\*\*

It is still difficult for many people to understand how a vision as liberating (and apolitical) as Luchenko's could have brought about such a tragic and abrupt end to his life



and career. Even at this writing, the events surrounding his death remain obscure. We know that he was gunned down after the Tokyo premiere of the Third Symphony. And it is believed that Shigeo Yomiuri, the Silicon Treasure and, by that time, high-ranking White Arcadist, was the gunman. Yomiuri's jailhouse suicide has, unfortunately, further muddled the waters. Many questions remain unanswered: Did Yomiuri, in fact, kill Luchenko? And did he act alone? And if he did, what was his motive? Why destroy the prophet of his own growing religious movement? Could it have been Luchenko's opposition to the White Arcadists' political aspirations (based on a platform of New Age computer babble and Muslim Fundamentalism)? And what, if any, were Yomiuri's connections to the right-wing Iron Chrysanthemum movement in the Japanese military and their attempted *coup d'etat* in Tokyo?

Ironically, the one person who could probably answer these questions is Luchenko himself, the part of him that remained with the Julia Set, staring joyfully into the glyphs on the white arcades. If his stories of traveling down rivers of chaos are true, he no doubt saw (and perhaps experienced) his own death many times. From our

limited place in Time and Space, we may try to follow Luchenko's example and look at his death as simply another bend in a Koch curve. Many believers, in fact, do choose to see it that way, and it is to them that we dedicate this memorial album.



None gave him birth, he knows no lord,  
None rules him in this world, nor yet controls.  
No feature marks him out, yet cause he is  
Prime cause of that which steers  
The senses five, the soul within.

—Shvetashvattara Upanishad

To shake off the maddening and wearying limitations of time  
and space and natural law—to be linked with the vast outside—to  
come close to the nighted and abysmal secrets of the infinite and  
ultimate—surely such a things was worth the risk of one's life, soul,  
and sanity!

—H.P. Lovecraft

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Starry Wisdom: HP Lovecraft Tribute D.M. Mitchell (editor)	\$15.95	241g







Figure  
your  
shipping  
rate

11 Add lines in column 5(7) from the front side of this form. This is the total weight of your order. 11

12 Find the row in the first column which is less than or equal to the total weight of your order from line 11, then read across that row to find your shipping destination column and use the US\$ figure listed to find your **adjusted shipping rate** in line 13. *Example: Mr. and Mrs. Paik are placing an order from Seoul, with a total weight of 908 g. So \$15.81 would be their shipping.*

(1) If line 11 is—		(2) And your shipping destination is in—				
No more than this many g in weight		USA	NAFTA	Western Hemisphere	Europe	Earth
(3) Your shipping rate is—						
28		\$0.32	\$0.40	\$0.70	\$0.85	\$0.95
57		\$0.55	\$0.63	\$1.07	\$1.35	\$1.61
85		\$0.78	\$0.85	\$1.44	\$1.85	\$2.27
114		\$1.01	\$1.07	\$1.81	\$2.35	\$2.93
170		\$1.47	\$1.51	\$2.18	\$3.01	\$3.85
227		\$1.93	\$1.95	\$2.55	\$3.67	\$4.77
284		\$2.39	\$2.39	\$2.92	\$4.33	\$5.69
341		\$2.95	\$2.83	\$3.29	\$4.99	\$6.61
398		\$2.95	\$3.55	\$3.66	\$5.65	\$7.53
455		\$3.00	\$3.55	\$4.03	\$6.31	\$8.45
909		\$3.00	\$5.25	\$6.99	\$11.59	\$15.81
1364		\$4.00	\$6.95	\$9.79	\$16.59	\$23.01
1818		\$5.00	\$8.65	\$12.59	\$21.59	\$30.21

Shipping rates apply only in the areas listed; call before placing interplanetary orders. Rates replace and supersede any previously FWI shipping rate list. Merchandise will be shipped according to *First Class/Priority* rates in US (depending on weight) and via *Small Packet Airmail* elsewhere. For orders which weigh more than rates listed in this table, contact FWI via telephone or by sending the email message **GET RATES** to: [Info@fringeware.com](mailto:Info@fringeware.com)

13 If the subtotal in line 7 is greater than \$250, enter -0- and pay no shipping. Otherwise, enter the shipping rate from the table listed above in line 12(3). This is your **adjusted shipping rate**. 13

14 If you would like to have a receipt taken upon delivery, for tracking your order to its destination, enter -2-. Otherwise, enter -0-. 14

15 Add lines 13 and 14. This is your shipping. 15

Circle card type: **VISA** **MasterCard** **Discover**

Print name as it appears on card:

Card number:

Expires:

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appreciated





Polar Bear Snuff  
by Devonshire Apothecary

**CHEM-0030** \$8.00 85g  
A very popular bit of herbal snuff to help wake you up for a long night of driving, writing, hacking or whatever... "This shameless little concoction has always been our most popular herbal toy." White powder that contains caffeine crystals, red ginseng, kava kava, menthol crystals, clove & wintergreen oils. 2.5g



Radiation Hazard mug  
by Chessex

**CHEM-0300** \$8.00 315g  
Yellow porcelain with red hazard warning. These wouldn't be very funny if you worked in a nuclear power plant. We don't, so they are.

Time Wave Explorer (DOS)  
by Blue Water Publishing

**MELT-2033** \$54.00 93g  
Software illustrating ethnobotanist Terence McKenna's theory of time and history as a fractal wave. Includes an audio tape of TMCK explaining the software and Mayan Calendrics—some of the best Mayan calendrical date conversion software available. Lets you explore several different hypotheses (Tikal, etc.) compared with Western calendrics (Julian, Gregorian, etc.) Requires: MS DOS 2.1 & later, EGA or better, 3.5" disk.

Time Wave Explorer (Mac)  
by Blue Water Publishing

**MELT-2032** \$40.00 83g  
Software illustrating ethnobotanist Terence McKenna's theory of time and history as a fractal wave. He often states this as his only piece of original work. "Derived from the King Wen Sequence of I Ching hexagrams. Based on extraterrestrial communications." Mac version does not include Mayan Calendrics. Includes an audio tape of Terence McKenna explaining the software. Requires: System 6.05 or later, 7.0 or later, 1.7 MB RAM.

Day Dreamer  
by Alpha Odysseys

**GROK-0010** \$16.95 370g  
Made from purple plastic that resembles a diving mask, one of the most intense brain machines available for low-cost/performance—so long as you have sunlight and breath to invest in clearing your mental cobwebs... Called "the LSD flight simulator" by Timothy Leary.

Light/Sound Machine  
by Synchronvision Inc.

**GROK-0333** \$199.99 call  
Headphones, eyeglasses with LEDs mounted on the lenses, & a compact unit (which can be connected to audio equipment) which regulates the pulses in the glasses & headphones, as well as 4 CDs especially designed & produced by Synchronvision to maximize your inner experience. A perfect companion for a portable CD player. **\*\*Please note special shipping applies to this product; call for details.**

Headlights  
by Synchronvision Inc.

**GROK-0334** \$69.00 call  
Latest toy from the engineers at Synchronvision, the Headlights unit allows the user to accept ambient sound input and convert it into synched visual & sound inputs via the included LED eyeglasses & headphones. Perfect for raves & concerts. **\*\*Special shipping applies to this product; call for details.**



GPS 40  
by Garmin

**GZMO-1984** \$375.00 1900g  
The GPS 40 is a compact, weatherproof piece of satellite navigation unit that can mark up to 250 landmarks, and as many as 30 points to make custom routes. Uses the same technology that the military has been relying on for years. IBM compatible (286 or faster) which enables you to download maps and enter landmark names via your keyboard. Includes PC interface kit & instructional video. (available as a special order only)



Universal Hacker Tool  
by Made in China

**GZMO-2600** \$9.95 1360g  
These handy pocket pliers have 11 functions, pliers, wire cutters, 3 screw drivers, awl, file, bottle opener & knife blade... the only tool you'll need to access information in a non-traditional manner.



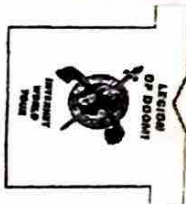
2600 t-shirt  
by 2600 Magazine

**SKIN-0010** \$15.00 273g  
White illo of the original Blue Box circuit diagram on black cotton cloth. XL size only. Captions sez: "This is what started it all..."



Legion Of Doom t-shirt  
by Phrack Magazine

**SKIN-0070** \$15.00 273g  
The famed LOD "Internet World Tour" shirt returns, with "Hacking For Jesus '91" on the back. Black on white cotton. XL size only.

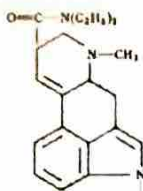


PIECE t-shirt  
by GLOD

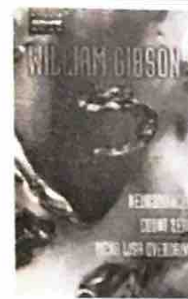
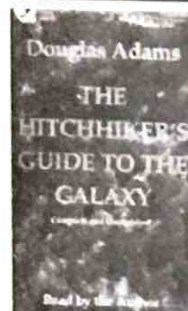
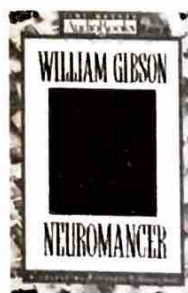
**SKIN-0080** \$15.00 273g  
"PIECE...be with you." Detroit piece-symbols. Ammo not included. White on black cotton. Specify L or XL. "Everything that has to be done has already happened. In the meantime we're just experiencing the sensational unfolding of these events that have been encoded in our DNA memory." GOD + GOLD = GLOD.







Albert Hofmann  
Interview



# Interview Tapes by Ingreat Unlimited

**HEAR-0208** \$10.00 ea 65g  
These interview tapes are from 2nd/3rd generation dubbing. Sound quality ranges from fair to excellent. Most tapes are 30-90min long. Complete w/ illos & printed J-cards & labels. Select from:

Albert Hoffman "MITCHELL HARDING KCRW INTERVIEW"  
Charles Bukowski "READING AT THE SWEETWATER APR 80"  
Charles Bukowski "READS HIS POETRY"  
Charles Manson "GERALDO 'UNCENSORED' 1988 INTERVIEW"  
People's Temple Choir "HE'S ABLE MUSIC CASSETTE"  
Jonestown "NPR SPECIAL—PLUS 'IN SEARCH OF JONESTOWN' SPECIAL INTERVIEW"  
Robert Anton Wilson "RELIGION FOR THE HELL OF IT"  
RAW "SECRETS OF THE ILLUMINATI, VOL. 1"  
RAW "SECRETS OF THE ILLUMINATI, VOL. 2"

# Neuromancer (Audio) by William Gibson

**HEAR-0110** \$23.00 235g  
4 cassettes (6 hrs). Read by William Gibson. Full of stereophonic effects & music, this is a truly haunting version of Neuromancer. No word on Count Zero & Mona Lisa Overdrive, yet.

# Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy (audio) by Douglas Adams

**HEAR-0101** \$24.95 255g  
Hear the novel which spawned a trilogy of six books. Entire novel unabridged, read by the author, fits on 4 cassettes (6 hrs). Towel not included.

# Extended Books by Voyager

**MELT-0100** \$18.00 ea 88g  
Mac software for electronic versions of popular novels with illos, sounds, hypertext links, digital bookmarks and even hidden extras in the stories. Run searches, add margin comments, highlight text, etc. Requires: System 6.0.7 or later w/ +31 cm monitor, HyperCard 2.1, 1.4 Mb disks. Select among:  
• Neuromancer / Count Zero / Mona Lisa Overdrive  
• Amusing Ourselves To Death / Brave New World  
• Jurassic Park (w/ sounds)  
• The Complete Hitchhiker's Guide

# Diskette Magazines by Electronic Hollywood

**MELT-0030** \$6.00 ea 37g  
Mac electronic publications from the premiere techno-punk electronic zinester artist formerly known as Jaime Levy, lately of MTV, er uh, IBM, er uh, the mega-popular website Wire. Select among:  
• Cyber Rag I  
• Cyber Rag II  
• Cyber Rag III  
• Electronic Hollywood II

# World's Greatest Computer Disk stickers by Black Eye Design

**MEME-0081** \$2.95 26g  
That's right, these are really great. Each packet has 12 diskette labels, each with color artwork, infoblurbs and plenty of space left over for labeling your bytes. Five collections available. Select among:  
• Sci Fi  
• Circus  
• Mystery  
• Smiles  
• Dinosaurs

# Beyond Cyberpunk! stack v1.5 by The Computer Lab

**MELT-0001** \$35.00 242g  
"Like scuba diving in an Encyclopedia." Requires HyperCard 2.x. Peter Sugarman, Gareth Branwyn, Mark Frauenfelder, Bruce Sterling, Richard Kadrey, Paul Di Filippo, Steve Brown, Hakim Bey, Rudy Rucker and even other famous people working under pseudonyms, all cross linked via hypertext with industrial sound track, animation clips, digital book marks and a dictionary that pronounces its terms. "You may find yourself washed up onto an alien shore someday, and you'd better be ready."

# 2Fresh t-shirt by The Computer Lab

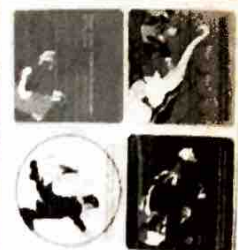
**SKIN-0140** \$15.00 273g  
A creature 'reminiscent' of the Pillsbury Doughboy wearing VR gear standing above the text: "2Fresh was the best interface doughboy who ever ran the earth's computer matrix. Then he hot crossed the wrong people." You may recognize the text of Neuromancer somewhere in that. White on black, size XL only.

# Cyberpunk by Mystic Fire Video

**NTSC-0100** \$29.95 335g  
Cyberpunk covers the intervening years between William Gibson's Neuromancer & now, the film sees the realisation of the "fictional" topics covered in that book. Everything from virtual reality, 'smart' drugs, cyberspace & individual liberty. Features Gibson, Timothy Leary, Jaron Lanier. Film by Marianne Trench (60 min, VHS)

# The Gun is Loaded - Lydia Lunch by Mystic Fire Video

**NTSC-0101** \$29.95 335g  
Lydia's true state of the nation address. Identifying herself as "the average, all-american girl-next-door gone bad", she excavates her own sustained damage as a product of this emotionally ravaging environment. Music by J.G. Thirlwell. Film by Merrill Aldighieri & Joe Tripician (VHS)



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presents:  
The official six-pack of  
**Chaos-Cola!®** —  
a universe in every can.  
Supplies extremely  
limited. \$12,000



Warning: contains Substance D





# Metamorphosis by Mystic Fire Video

NTSC-0102

\$29.95

335g

Join Rupert Sheldrake, biologist & originator of morphogenetic fields; Ralph Abraham, mathematician & leader in the new science of chaos; & Terence McKenna, shamanologist & ethnopharmacologist, as they "dialogue" on chaos & the world soul (VHS)

# Bliss Saver 2.0 by imaja

MELT-0009

\$49.95

185g

Dazzling eye candy screen saver, includes MIDI input where colors sync to music played through a keyboard. Adapted as visual FX for many musical acts, including the Grateful Dead... Cool, huh? Requires: Sys 6 or 7, 800K RAM, 800K Disk, color monitor recommended (compatible w/ B&W, grayscale, & 24-bit monitors), MIDI manager compatible, OMS support available, AV Mac or video output board optional, requires 256 color (8-bit) monitor for color animation, requires 68020 or later, or Power Mac.

# UFO playing cards by EBE Inc.

PLAY-0029

\$6.00

145g

This stuff is really great. You should probably buy a hell of a lot of it now. This stuff is really great. You should probably buy a hell of a lot of it now. This stuff is really great. You should probably buy a hell of a lot of it now.

# Alien Face Hugger kit by Halcyon

WEAR-0900

\$129.98

1800g

"Life Size" PVC 1:1 scale model of the Face Hugger from the Alien movies, ready to wear after assembly & painting. At 6ft long, this is the ideal accessory for any occasion.

# Alien Head Bust by Fashion Victim

PLAY-0230

\$25.00

1659g

'Life Size' Alien Bust with classic 'grey' alien features, textured silver skin & glossy black eyes. Made of lightweight styrofoam. Ideal as a conversation piece or inducing severe trauma on recent abductees.

# Pewter Alien Head belt buckle by Fashion Victim

WEAR-0023

\$30.00

1153g

This eerie rendition of a grey alien head will shock and amaze everyone who passes by. Be prepared to endure annoying comments from abductees, debunkers, & other folks who feel like it is their right to ask you questions, make comments, & stare at your crotch. Also helps hold up your pants. Includes buckle, not belt.

# Mini Lighter by Service

CHEM-0510

\$8.50

75g

1" by 5/8" zippo style lighter on 28" long, fine nickel-plated ball chain. Gift boxed. Never lose your lighter again, dammit, this time it's attached to you.

# Baby Bondage Jewelry by Bobe\*Link

WEAR-0563

see below

57g

Designs by performance artist Rene Cigler. "Her sculptures...do have definite characteristics of that morbid, necrophile, apocalyptic style which we know from Giger...reminiscent of Mad Max, postnuclear science fiction or cyberpunk" lauds <<O>> magazine. Featured by FAD, Mondo 2000, MTV, LOLLAPALOOZA and cover of BOING-BOING #11. Many more designs available, including body armor, neck pieces & other wire/rubber/gizmo jewelry. Select among:

- Bar Pin Pig Dangler \$25
- Bondage Hand Dangles earrings \$15
- Bondage Pigs earrings \$15
- Double Hand/Nail Pendant \$25
- Hand/Screw Dangler Pendant \$20
- Hand/Screw Pin \$12
- Triple Bondage Baby Pendant \$25
- Wicked Hand Dangle Pendant \$20
- Wicked Hand Pin \$12

# PGP 3 (aka PornoWriter) by Lamprey Systems

MELT-0023

\$10.00

43g

Adults only! "Sick, drugs, immorality, perversion - garbage lifestyles!" Hey, why let Xavier Hollander have all the phun? With this Mac software, you too can generate all those languid texts found between the glossy sheets. Ultra cool sound f/x.

# Macjesus Pro Gold by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0020

\$15.00

105g

Fully upgraded version, totally rewritten in C, no more hunting down an outdated version of Hypercard... "Your personal Saviour on a floppy disk." Claims to help give you "an inside track when dealing with the Creator Of The Universe." An interactive mano-a-mano with that special avatar, for personal evaluation and advice. Exclusively for the Macintosh platform with special thanx to Miss Fifi LaRoue for "helping write the really dirty stuff."

# Rapture the Rapture by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0025

\$15.00

43g

"Spiritual Space Invaders" for the macintosh. Drive your converted VW Bug across the screen shooting christians as the ascend to heaven. Convert their plummeting souls to replenish your energy supply. From the creator of Macjesus & Mormonoids From the Deep.







**Illuminati Pyramid mug**  
by Chessex

**CHEM-0303** \$8.00 315g  
Black porcelain with red Illuminati pyramid. Proof that caffeine consumption is essential to any world domination conspiracy.



**Illuminati New World Order (starter set)**  
by Steve Jackson Games

**PLAY-0023** \$9.95 255g  
The starter kit for the popular conspiracy game by Steve Jackson. Now in card form, the Starter Set contains 2 packs of 55 cards, enough for a 2 player game. Everything you always suspected is true. Fnord.



**Illuminati New World Order (booster pack)**  
by Steve Jackson Games

**PLAY-0013** \$2.25 48g  
The popular Discordian conspiracy card game. These booster packs to add more cards to your deck. Each booster pack contains 16 cards. You will need a starter deck pack (if you want the rules, err, that is, playing guidelines).



**Institutional Screen Cleanser (with Boron)**  
by Schwa

**MELT-1010** \$16.00 141g  
Cleanse your IBM compatible computer monitors with this handy digital product, includes 6 different images, sounds, 5 Schwa computer stickers, & yes, it even works with Win95. (i386 or higher, Windows 3.1 or 95, 33MHz, 4Mb RAM. Mac version not available.)



**Complete Schwa kit**  
by Schwa

**MEME-0200** \$16.00 205g  
"All the basic equipment for alien defense in one simple kit!" A brilliantly terrifying tale of alien abduction, told in symbols & illustrations. Kit includes alien invasion survival keychain, cards, stickers, etc. A perfect intro text for surveying the stealth landscape of paranoia, alienation & disappearance.



**Complete Counter Schwa kit**  
by Schwa

**MEME-0199** \$16.00 205g  
The Sequel. Kit also includes alien invasion survival keychain, cards, stickers, etc. F5 sez: "Whitley Strieber alien rapture conspiracy virus attack! Suicide = redemption = money." A perfect intro text for surveying the stealth landscape of paranoia, alienation and disappearance. "Stay awake!"

**Car Conversion kit**  
by Schwa

**MEME-0205** \$7.00 199g  
Why read when you could just sit and stare at things? Let people know that you know about Them. Unofficial car conversion kit with complete set of vehicle stickers.



**Fly Schwa t-shirt**  
by Schwa

**SKIN-0604** \$17.00 273g  
Schwa head with angel wings. The text reads "FLY SCHWA". The Official inflight souvenir of all Schwa sponsored abductions... Now you can get the shirt without the hassle of black outs, mysterious implants & uncomfortable probes! Black cotton, XL, glo-in-the-dark ink.



**Alien Invasion Survival card**  
by Schwa

**MEME-0201** \$1.00 26g  
"Identify aliens instantly with the amazing Xenon coated identifier" on a keychain. Includes: abduction rangefinder, lost time detector, abduction rules, saucer viewer, etc. Includes a peephole so that you can see what happens when they don't think you are watching.



**Corporation Official t-shirt**  
by Schwa

**SKIN-0603** \$17.00 273g  
Reverse print of Schwa Head, the text reads "The Schwa Corporation". Now you can wear the logo of the company that really controls every aspect of your lives. Black cotton, XL, glo-in-the-dark ink.



**Embroidered Corporate Cap**  
by Schwa

**SKIN-0299** \$17.00 285g  
Black 100% cotton 'baseball' style cap with white embroidered alien head & the word 'SCHWA' beneath it. Attention Implantees: this item has been shown to intensify unwanted alien transmissions. Please use with caution, & consult your physician before wearing.



**Emergency Mini-Flares (pack of 20)**  
by Schwa

**MEME-0250** \$0.25 24g  
A 'book' of Schwa Emergency Mini-Flares for use in case of power failure. Each Mini-Flare has a chemically treated tip which ignites into flame when subjected to friction against a specially treated surface located conveniently on the reverse of the packet. Pocket sized.







4in Round Alien Head sticker  
by Schwa

**MEME-0221** \$1.25 4g  
A trimmed vinyl decal featuring the classic Schwa alien head. ideal for sending subliminal messages to passengers in the vehicle behind you.



Dance Forever t-shirt  
by Schwa

**SKIN-0600** \$17.00 273g  
The classic Schwa stickperson dancing with a Schwa Alien mask in place. With this garment you truly will dance forever. XL. Black cotton, glo-in-the-dark ink.



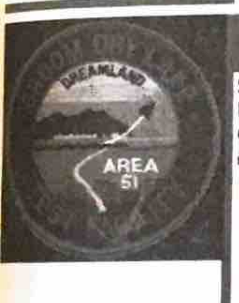
Warning Target t-shirt  
by Schwa

**SKIN-0601** \$17.00 273g  
Schwa Alien in a bull's eye target with warning text "Warning! This image is 2 feet from your face & 2^9 seconds in the past. Light is pretty funny." XL, Black cotton, glo-in-the-dark ink.



Area 51 Vehicle Pass  
by Area 51 Research Center

**MEME-0051** \$2.50 16g  
The official vehicle pass, produced by the Area 51 Research Center. 1.5x2.5in white vinyl sticker with the words "Area 51" featured in red ink, plus lots of other important information that official things have on them. Put this on your car & they'll wave you through the gate. (please note: this is an untested product.)



Groom Lake hat  
by Area 51 Research Center

**SKIN-0500** \$12.00 285g  
Readers of the Area 51 Viewer's Guide will recognize the name Groom Lake where the USAF secret experimental test range is located. Black 'baseball' style cap with patch.



Groom Lake patch  
by Area 51 Research Center

**SKIN-0501** \$8.00 45g  
Readers of the Area 51 Viewer's Guide will recognize the name Groom Lake where the USAF secret experimental test range is located. 5x4cm patch ideal for your flight jacket or other garment.

Groom Lake t-shirt  
by Area 51 Research Center

**SKIN-0502** \$15.00 273g  
Conspiracy Lovers & UFO buffs will recognize Groom Lake as the location of the US Government's, increasingly less Top Secret Area 51 Aircraft Research Base. Now you can wear the souvenir the Government will deny any knowledge of. Black cotton, Size XL.



Cthulhu In '96 t-shirt  
by Bold City Graphics

**SKIN-1996** \$15.95 273g  
New in the Lovecraftian line of products, this shirt celebrates the creation of a new political party. Front shows a small red, white & blue Cthulhu in '96 motif, reverse has large fluorescent green Cthulhu in '96 with the official campaign slogan "Why Vote For the Lesser Evil". Stuff those ballot boxes before they stuff you. Black cotton, XL, XV (extra evil).



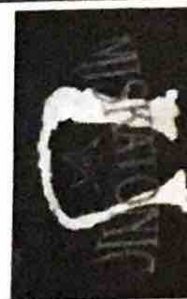
Miskatonic University Alumni t-shirt  
by Bold City Graphics

**SKIN-0664** \$15.95 273g  
The school seal for Miskatonic University, as featured in H.P. Lovecraft's mythos. Ancient stone carving w/pentagram & school motto in Latin, "Ex ignorantia ad sapientiam e luce ad tenebras" embraced by tentacles. Black cotton, XL. Evil!



Miskatonic University cap  
by Bold City Graphics

**SKIN-0666** \$18.00 285g  
Black & purple or black & teal embroidered 'baseball' style cap with 'Miskatonic U' and upside down pentagram motif. Guaranteed to 'raise school spirits'.



Handsome Devil t-shirt  
by Fashion Victim

**SKIN-0708** \$16.00 273g  
This 50's style portrait of the Prince of Darkness is a great for showing folks how fun Satanism really is! Order now for delivery in time for Christmas. Black cotton, size XL (XXL available by special order, add \$2)



Abducted Parents t-shirt  
by Fashion Victim

**SKIN-0709** \$16.00 273g  
Text reads "My parents were abducted by aliens & all I got was this lousy t-shirt!". white cotton, XL (XXL available by special order, add \$2)

My parents were abducted by  
aliens  
and all I got was this lousy t-shirt!





# Akira vs. Clown t-shirt by Fashion Victim

**SKIN-0704** \$17.00 273g  
Close up of Akira & Clown, reverse has clown icon. Two sided print, black cotton, XL (XXL available by special order, add \$2)



# Akira Motorcycle t-shirt by Fashion Victim

**SKIN-0705** \$17.00 273g  
Akira on his motorcycle, reverse has 3 panel zoom out shot of his face. White cotton, XL, two sided print. (XXL available by special order, add \$2)



# Alien UFO Tour t-shirt by Fashion Victim

**SKIN-0701** \$16.00 273g  
Text reads "Alien-UFO Crash & Abduct World Tour, July 2, 1947, Roswell/Corona, New Mexico..." etc. White cotton, XL (XXL available by special order, add \$2)



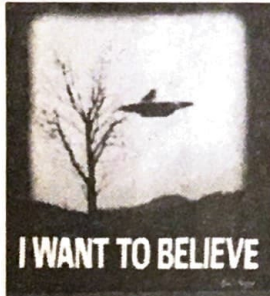
# Prepare t-shirt by Fashion Victim

**SKIN-0706** \$16.00 273g  
Classic B&W photo of UFO hovering with the text "PREPARE", do your duty as a good citizen & awaken your community today. Black cotton, size XL (XXL available by special order, add \$2)



# I Want To Believe t-shirt by Fashion Victim

**SKIN-0707** \$16.00 273g  
Another classic B&W photo of UFO hovering with text below reading "I WANT TO BELIEVE". Reminiscent of the poster that Fox Mulder™ has in his office... Black cotton, size XL (XXL available by special order, add \$2)



# Mismeasure of Man t-shirt by GAK ART

**SKIN-2323** \$14.00 273g  
Readers of FVR & other zines will recognize this artist's distinctive black & white work. White cotton, size XL



# Alien Gothic t-shirt by Mob Town

**SKIN-1117** \$16.00 273g  
Strange scene, reminiscent of the famous 'American Gothic' painting. This farmer & his wife seem to be unconcerned with the presence of the UFOs hovering in the background carrying a cow. Also, the strange rays coming from the wife's eyes seem to be a bit disconcerting. Well, now that I think about it, it seems that the farmer & his wife aren't even human at all. Well, whaddya know... White cotton, size XL



# Grays Brothers t-shirt by Mob Town

**SKIN-1116** \$16.00 273g  
A black 50's era convertible 'gangster' car with two 'gray' aliens dressed like the 'Blues Brothers'. White cotton, size XL



# Crop Circles t-shirt by Mob Town

**SKIN-1111** \$16.00 273g  
One of the earth 'greatest' mysteries is the origin of crop circles. This shirt shows a 50's clip art style suburban guy using a lawn mower, except he's an alien... Text says 'Crop Circles'. Now you know how they're done. White cotton, size XL



# Road Trip t-shirt by Mob Town

**SKIN-1113** \$16.00 273g  
A VW bug crammed with 'gray' aliens. An ideal garment for hitchhiking. White cotton, specify size L or XL



# BundesRotor t-shirt by Rotor Clothing

**SKIN-0311** \$16.00 273g  
The new Rotor line of designs for women. This design is reminiscent of the German 'Bundeswehr' icon with the eagle perched atop the Rotor icon. Cotton girl's baby t. Specify colour: Circuit Green, Sodium Vapor Orange



# TMCM B&W 'Japanese Bootleg' t-shirt by Shannon Wheeler

**SKIN-0801** \$14.00 273g  
Austin cartoonist Shannon Wheeler has gained national recognition with his Too Much Coffee Man comic books & a national Converse television ad. Japanese Bootleg TMCM graphic on a white or honey colored cotton shirt. Size L & XL







'Bob' boxers  
by Church of the SubGenius

**SKIN-0510** \$17.00 118g  
White cotton cloth with the classic half toned 'Bob' Dobbs pattern, but when you turn off the light, beware, Ngh, the 'Anti-Bob' glows with sinister glee. Size M or L. The official SubGenius temple garment.



'Bob' hat  
by Church of the SubGenius

**SKIN-0515** \$17.00 285g  
'Baseball' style slack hat, with a full color embroidered 'Bob' face. Stand out from the Normals with this black cotton cap.



'Bob' mug  
by Church of the SubGenius

**CHEM-0500** \$8.00 315g  
'Bob' Dobbs greets you with his classic grin. Enjoy your favorite beverage in comfort as X-Day comes to your door. White porcelain, B&W graphic.



'Bob' magnet  
by Church of the SubGenius

**MEME-0023** \$3.00 25g  
This incredible device is designed to magnetically adhere to metallic surfaces, utilizing the inherent qualities of the substance of its manufacture and the properties of the target object. Not hazardous, however as always avoid long term exposure. B&W image. 1x1.75in



Bob Cloisone Pin  
by Church of the SubGenius

**WEAR-2323** \$9.00 23g  
2cm high, color enameled metal pin with 'Bob' Dobbs grinning face. Great as a tie tack or lapel pin. Invoke chaos with this subtle decorative instrument.



Good 'Bob' / Bad 'Bob' t-shirt  
by Church of the SubGenius

**SKIN-0512** \$17.00 273g  
The ultimate SubGenius shirt, two sided, the front features 'Bob' himself, with a detailed alchemical border & a blue background, the back features Ngh, the 'Anti-Bob' in his green scaled glory, with a red background. White cotton, size XL. Not for the timid.

Bukowski t-shirt  
by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0201** \$15.00 273g  
Multi-colored screen print with Charles Bukowski surrounded by sex ads & liquor labels. White cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.



Burroughs (w/ Gun) t-shirt  
by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0202** \$15.00 273g  
Bill Burroughs, doing what he likes best, pointing a gun. Multi-colored screen print, white Cotton, size XL.



Burroughs (Fish Eye) t-shirt  
by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0210** \$15.00 273g  
WSB surrounded by his own text on a white cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only. This portrait is taken with a fish eye lens for maximum visual effect.



Culture (Elvis) t-shirt  
by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0218** \$15.00 273g  
Elvis & President Nixon posing for the camera, a truly pivotal moment in US history. White cotton, XL.



Everything Is For Sale t-shirt  
by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0221** \$15.00 273g  
A distorted portrait of a crucified Christ, text reads "Everything is for sale". Reverse reads "GODLESS MOTHER FUCKER". Black Cotton, XL.



I Blame Society t-shirt  
by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0207** \$15.00 273g  
B&W screen print of hands gripping a .38 special, the text reads "I BLAME SOCIETY". White cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror World Wide.

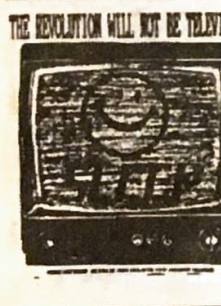
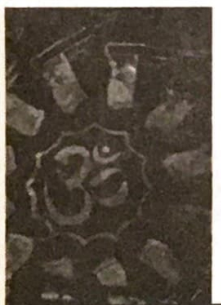




# TERROR



WORLDWIDE



## Kid Tested, Mother Approved t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0203** \$15.00 273g  
The Terror logo, an AK-47 surrounded by the slogan "Kid tested, Mother Approved". Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror WorldWide.

## Kill Your Idols (Religion) t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0211** \$15.00 273g  
Close up portrait of everyone's favorite crucified guy w/text "Kill Your Idols". The reverse says "GODLESS MOTHER FUCKER". White cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only.

## Know Your Enemy t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0213** \$15.00 273g  
A Classic 'Uncle Sam' surrounded by Asian text, English text reads "Know Your Enemy". White cotton w/ multi-colored screen print, size XL only.

## Never Trust t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0220** \$15.00 273g  
An altered portrait of Charlton Heston as 'Moses' lifting a commandment tablet over his head. The tablet now reads "Never trust a man who lets a god tell him how to fuck". The reverse proudly proclaims "Godless Mother Fucker". Black Cotton, XL.

## Prayer Wheels t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0205** \$15.00 273g  
Prayer wheel of hand guns surrounding the arabic text, back of shirt reads Terror World Wide. Silver screen print on black cotton, size XL. From the name that means quality, Terror WorldWide.

## Revolution Will Not Be Televised t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0204** \$15.00 273g  
Television tuned to a dead channel, the text reads 'SLEEP'. Reverse says 'KILL YOUR TV'. B&W screen print, dark blue cotton, size XL.

## Satan Is Love t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0215** \$15.00 273g  
Cute puppy print with 70's trippy font, proclaiming 'Satan is Love'. Reverse says 'GODLESS MOTHER FUCKER'. Black Cotton, XL.

## Sell Your Soul t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0217** \$15.00 273g  
Consumer's delight, an eager vacant eyed lad clutching a fistful of dollars. Caps scream "SELL YOUR SOUL". White cotton, XL.

## Terror Uber Alles t-shirt by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0222** \$15.00 273g  
A pair of skulls topped by the text "TERROR UBER ALLES". Please note that the actual text does include the umlaut. Black cotton, XL.

## Terror pants by Terror Worldwide

**SKIN-0250** \$75.00 1220g  
Laboriously hand screened, these pants are one of a kind, no two exactly alike. Call or email for this special order.

## Fringe Ware Review (back issues) by FringeWare Inc.

**ZINE-0109** \$5.00 ea 148g  
Specify which issue(s) you need/want/crave:

#1—Premiere Issue. Survival on the margins of cyberculture. Tom Jennings, Bob Black, gonzo fiction by Don Webb, etc.

#2—Survival Issue. Cyborgnix, Applied Memetics, Info Economics, etc. Mindfood truck-stop on the Information Super-yaweh.

#3—Environmental Issue (media environs). David Blair on VAX, Ivan Stang i/v by Wiley Wiggins, stories by Don Webb,

Erika Whiteway and more. Winner of 1994 Editor's Choice award by F5.

#4—Psyberchix Issue. Special guest editors Erika Whiteway and Tiffany Lee Brown on gender viz. virtual community and media.

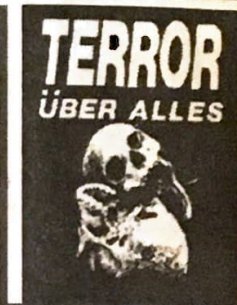
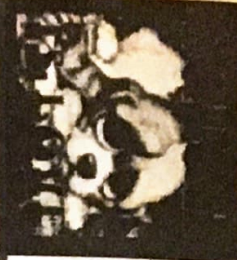
#5—Stay Awake Issue. Jon Lebikowsky edits, John Shirley on Gurdjieff, Erik Davis, Jerod Pore, UFO resources, Schwa cover.

#6(66). Don Webb edits with Ron Hale-Evans, Edred Thorssen and more on Temple of Set, Gothick origins, magick, goats, Satan.

#7—WeirD Issue...R.U.Wired? PXN edits a parody of Wired magazine, with features on Genesis P-Orridge, McLuhan Center, DIY Infobotics, nEuroRancid.

#8—Fringe LifeStyles: Tiffany Lee Brown & Erika Whiteway edit the finer points of squatting, Barbie, aging, a RAW i/v & the usual chaos.

#9—Sex, Politics, Religion, Food. Jon Lebikowsky & Jim Thompson co-edit recipes & fiction, Phil Zimmerman i/v, VRML-induced spirituality, etc.







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